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Volume CLXXIV No. 2272

The SPHERE, London, August 7, 1943

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

SICILY—AN AMAZING PANORAMIC VIEW: THE ALLIED INVASION FLEET OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLAND, as seen by our own airmen on patrol off the south-eastern beaches as the Eighth Army went ashore to invade Italian soil

This extraordinary picture is a "mosaic" which has been built up from reconnaissance photographs taken by Allied airmen whilst the great Allied Invasion Armada was discharging troops and equipment on to the Sicilian beaches. As our readers will recall, a figure of 2,000 was given for the vessels which took part in the initial assaults on the island: this composite picture gives a vivid impression of the scale—and the audacity—of this biggest amphibious operation in the history of warfare. Although taken from a great height, the size and diversity of the ships engaged can easily be distinguished: at the same time, the absence of road blocks and defensive works generally is also brought out in this "mosaic." The strip of coast seen here was where the Eighth Army landed: similar scenes were, at the same moment, being enacted elsewhere

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A WAR NEWSLETTER No. 205

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Exit Second Murderer.—

Fascism "*Abiit, evasit, erupit.*" Musso has quit. Mirandus of the Balcony has sagged like a pricked gas-bag and Fascism is as dead as the Dodo. Tell it in Brixton and Berchtesgaden! Black shirts have gone out of fashion, as swiftly as black satin slumped when Mrs. Manning was hanged in it. Hitler's utensil is a broken chamber-pot. What a run he had for his money—twenty years of flattery and posturing and absurd inflation; five years of useful reforms followed by thrice five years of megalomania, the disease of men too small to endure early success. He bamboozled visitors and ambassadors. He had his time of greatness. But whether the Second Murderer ever threw dust in the eyes of the First Murderer we do not know. Those two hearts that "beat as one" in the Brenner Pass Thieves' Kitchen easily deceived themselves and the world, but not, I think, each other. And now Fascism and Musso are gone with the wind, gone (as the Kaiser went) with the contemptuous laughter of *all* the combatants. And all that spouting and saluting; posturing and promising; those absurd uniforms and that foolish haberdashery; the high hopes and the low cunning; the ganders and the propaganda; all these manifestations of human myopia and gullibility are seen in their right perspective. Mark that, you who are pledged to the hanging of war criminals. When the time comes, you have nothing left to hang but an empty suit of greasy fancy dress. The evil that men like Musso and Hitler do is submerged and forgotten in the Homeric laughter that greets their fall from power and glory. Their absurdities live after them, and are shared by all civilisation.

So Great a Man.—

The Duce's fall underlines two common contemporary experiences of historical events—never accepted as commonplace. A world-shaking event—long-dreamed-of as infinitely important, infinitely remote and unattainable—comes of a sudden with a note of bathos, comes as "the easiest thing in the world." So Cæsar fell (O mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low . . . shrunk to this little measure!). So Napoleon went to Elba and later surrendered to the captain of *Bellerophon*. So fled the All-Highest across the border. And all men, who vowed that the dog Destiny must lose its mind before it could bite "so great a man," suddenly see that man as an absurd homunculus, lying on the floor in a blood-stained tunic or stealing over the frontier with a toothbrush, a mistress, or some portable loot, with the face of a scared rabbit. And, secondly, the reactions to the earth-shaking event very seldom follow the prescribed direction or at first produce any results either desired, expected or even important. So with the Duce in the first days of the nine days' wonder. There was nothing but speculation as to his fate; no clear result or change from his fall. Musso and Fascism were swept off the map in an hour, bag and baggage, gas-bag and gas-baggage; and Italy under a King-Emperor (as before), and a military dictator (with nobs on) "redoubled the fighting." "Honour required" that Italy should honour her commitments, defend the fatherland, die in the last ditch, and so on. The formula, I conceive, was disappointing to our hopes only if we failed to view it as a commonplace formula designed for use in such an event. Under the mask of "business as usual," the face of Italy has been rent by a tremendous spasm of revolution which has overthrown and denied the creed and tyranny of twenty years. The new regime is altogether new or a total reversion to old theories of government. It is a regime in a posture to treat for "honourable capitulation," if and as soon as the stress of war makes that step desirable or necessary for a nation equipped neither by nature nor by the work of men to resist a ferocious, relentless and well-armed enemy, in a form of warfare horribly total. But we can hardly expect the "New Model" to throw down its "bust straight," until the bluff has been called. The great man is a heap of old rags; the ideal ideology is idiot's harvest. That should be enough for nine days . . . the rest will follow on the relentless pursuit by the Dogs of War. Viewed that way, the historical event is not bathos, but Big Business for historians.

THE BRITISH GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF LAMPEDUSA. Wing Commander John D. Bisdee, D.F.C., a twenty-seven-year-old fighter pilot who hails from Fowey in Cornwall, was recently appointed Military Governor of the first Italian island to be captured in the Sicilian Narrows. He is responsible for the local administration, as well as for the defence of the island: he is reported to regard his unique appointment as a practical experiment in planning post-war reconstruction

Mr. Churchill's Warning Note.—

How right has our Premier proved all along in reserving boast and promise and bluff for the days of our greatest peril, and in patenting his favourite epithet "sombre" for the bright spots and surges of hope and divine surprises of the war. None knows better than he that this public is at its best in acute danger and at its worst in security or success. When Musso and Fascism went with the wind, headiness and easy optimism rocketed up and burst in stars. But these coloured lights were no permanent illuminants. The night sky came down on us again. And whether the Italian business now move swiftly or hang fire, while the Ey-ties "stew in their own juice," the sombreness of the journey still before us needs to be stressed. If still to-day the Nazis can dispose of 300 divisions in the field, well-armed and reasonably well-recruited, with a big proportion of armour of the latest pattern, there is no call yet for halloo-ing. Some of these divisions are reformed from liquidated originals which fought and died at Stalingrad or Tunis. But see how they still fight! Let the measure of your easy complacency be rationed by the experience of the last stand in the Messina Bridgehead. If these Germans will fight, as they are fighting, in a foreign field, for "allies" who have not the will or the means themselves to put up a defence of their own soil; will fight on with enemies or "unfriendly neutrals" ringing them round on every side, in a foreign land which has abandoned the common Axis ideology, and for an ally which clearly is seeking the quickest and easiest road out of the valley of fear and death and destruction, how much stiffer will be the resistance of these innumerable legions of the damned, when they are fighting for their own borders with their backs to the walls of their own homes. The Nazis remain the toughest proposition which strong Allies were ever called upon to face and conquer. Before them, the Grand Armies of Napoleon recede to comparative impotence. Nazi Germany is still a nation pledged to die in battle and not quite certain that it cannot snatch victory. The Nazi creed is not greatly weakened by the liquidation of the older creed of Fascism. And the Nazi civilian population has proved that it can "take it" as well as the Britons. If it were not so, the weight of bombs dropped on German cities in the past six months (in comparison with which the blitz on Britain was mere nuisance pin-pricking) had done the business by now. The stranglehold of Nazism still holds down German opposition and all opposition in enslaved Europe. It still sucks the resources it needs from the richest sources of Europe. It is still potent to hold and check our first advances on the underbelly. And it still has many nasty shocks and shots in its locker. Sombreness is still the keynote—redoubled effort and unity and ceaseless watchfulness still the slogan for the Allies. But if, in due course, we can prove to the Nazis how *we* treat a vanquished enemy which has made submission, that evidence will be worth all the *spoken* propaganda of the Allies and will do more to divorce the German people from Nazism than a million block-busters and a dozen Stalingrads. May that fine stroke of diplomacy come to our hand and be wisely used!

The Bishop of Rome.—

It was surely as a Temporal rather than a Spiritual power that the Pope addressed himself to compose his reproof on the bombing of Rome. Life and the conduct of affairs in wartime are for none more difficult than for the leaders of religion, and it is only fair to admit it. The mule's burden of Earth is a sorry and humiliating compromise. Yet when the Pope expressed mild petulance that his careful impartiality had not secured respect for Vatican territory, as he hoped it would, I knew not whether to laugh or cry. For it seemed to me odd that the Successor of St. Peter should so long have turned his eyes, with carefully weighed impartiality, from the crimes and cruelties and craft committed against Christianity, and should have found Hitler and the Nazis, stained with the blood of Catholics and Christians, as worthy of respect as the Allies. Surely, on July 21 the cock crew loud and finally. As for the bombing of Rome (or the bombing of any other city), I have often enough expressed my views, and they are minority views. If military necessity requires these supreme examples of the destruction and beastliness and imbecility of war—as no doubt it does—it is monstrous to suggest that a yard-stick (marked with degrees to measure the artistic treasures contained in such cities as prosecute the war effort and are stuffed with lethal weapons) should decide that this guilty city should be blitzed and that go free. Such is the evil of war (I repeat) that all the treasure of Civilisation is well lost if its loss can shorten this bestiality by a single day. War, which brings forth the divinest forms of physical courage, stifles and atrophies moral courage, without which freedom cannot exist. It disgusts me to think that Dean Inge may not declare that one day we shall be sorry for the destruction of some German cathedral or other (of more or less merit) without mud being slung at him. Sane men and decent men regret it every hour of every day—and increasingly.

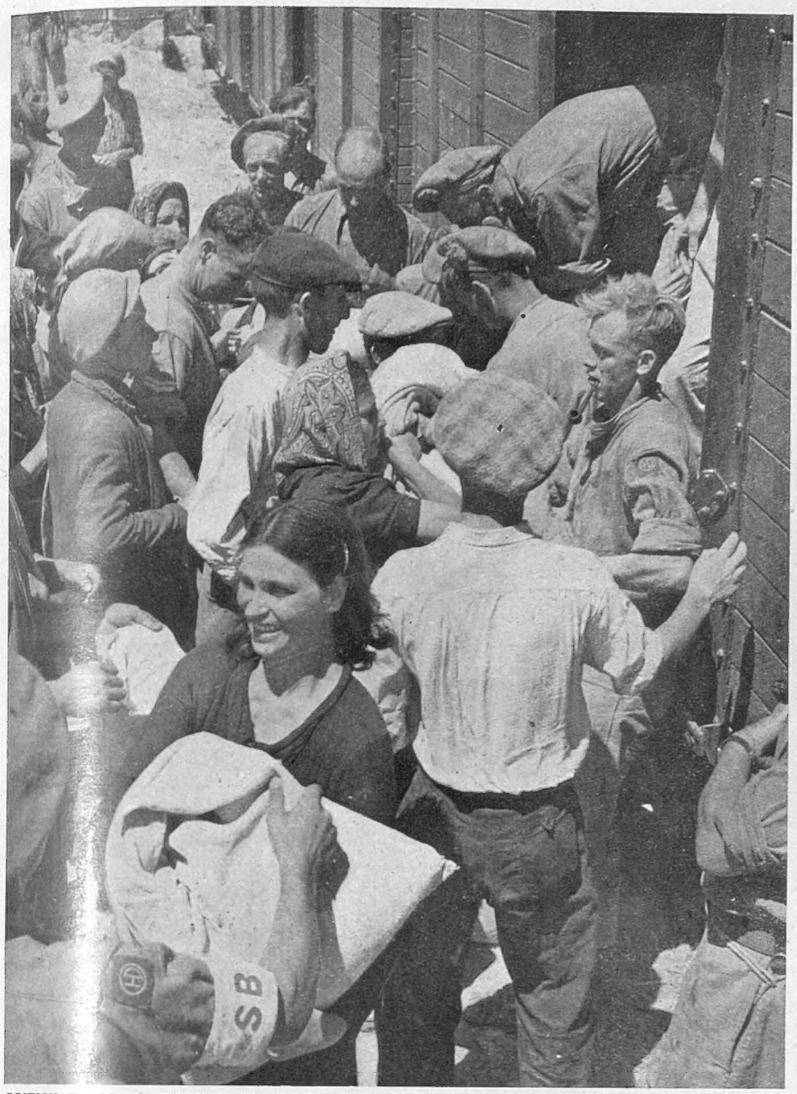
Reflections at Petty Sessions.—

Sometimes, when I sit on my local Bench, my thoughts take a sombre turn. I am constantly struck by the want of common honesty revealed in the peccadilloes of all too many young men, who appear to regard the theft (e.g., of a bicycle) in the light of a fair and reasonable risk to save themselves inconvenience. I am sometimes shocked by the number of youths who readily admit to having been drunk at village dances. I am continually appalled by the ignorance of the average countryman concerning war regulations and by the gross illiteracy of young as well as older rustics. Above all, I am perpetually shocked by the interference with the war effort caused by a single wrongdoer. One petty criminal may detain from their useful work as many as five busy magistrates, half-a-dozen policemen, two solicitors and a number of witnesses (farmers and other vital industrialists) for a whole day; and, if committed, for perhaps two more days in another place, with considerable expenditure on transport. I have a sneaking sympathy with many of our defendants. The hotel proprietors responsible for black-out offences are often in need of sympathy. It is difficult always to justify the rigour of the law against farmers who have broken its wartime letter, for the multiplicity of forms and sections of emergency acts are totally beyond the compass of the average intellect, even when it has time to work. And one final reflection: It is necessary in war to suspect every man's honesty, because some are dishonest. It is a very expensive necessity. On a *cash* basis, I believe, it would be cheaper to trust everybody and write off the defalcations as a bad debt. Instance the Gestapo work with the nosing out of misused petrol. It must be done, no doubt; but what a saving in time and money would result from allowing a farmer or other individual, once his petrol allowance had been fixed by meticulous scrutiny, to use it as he thought fit during the period it covered, on the understanding that no supplementary issue could be made. The average man would soon enough adjust his coat to his cloth.

THE OLD STAGER

SICILY WELCOMES the ALLIES

Some of the many extraordinary scenes which followed the occupation of the island, when the Populace treated our soldiers as Deliverers from Tyranny



BRITISH TROOPS DISTRIBUTE FLOUR TO THE SICILIAN CIVILIANS: Peasants at the railway siding at Palazzolo crowd around the truck to secure their ration of flour

AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF FLOUR TO THE CIVILIAN POPULATION: An Italian mother walks off with her bag of flour, accompanied by a British soldier carrying the baby. During their advance past the town of Palazzolo in Sicily, British troops captured a train-load of flour which had been intended for Axis troops. They immediately organised an issue of the booty to the local peasants, some of whom had not eaten for days. Instead of regarding the British and American troops as harsh conquerors, everywhere on the island the Sicilians welcomed their arrival as an Army of Deliverance from the Fascist tyranny

THE CREW OF A BRITISH BREN-GUN CARRIER being welcomed by the townsfolk of Pachino. Nowhere on the island was hostility encountered from the civilian population

SICILIANS TURN IN THEIR WEAPONS! This picture was taken at Comiso: Guns, pistols, knives, etc., were handed over to the Americans freely after a recall of these weapons had been made

ALLIED OFFICERS BEGIN THE ADMINISTRATION OF SICILY: Captain R. B. Waters, Royal Artillery, receives a family of civilians in the Company Office. They had come to the British Army for advice on food and housing and other matters—a scene which is now being enacted all over the island

THE TERRIFIC ONSLAUGHT ON ITALY BY AIR

Rome and Naples on Fire after the heavy pounding by Allied Bombing Aircraft

". . . bringing the maximum avalanche of fire and steel upon all targets of military significance throughout the length and breadth of Italy. . . ." *The Prime Minister in the House of Commons, July 27*

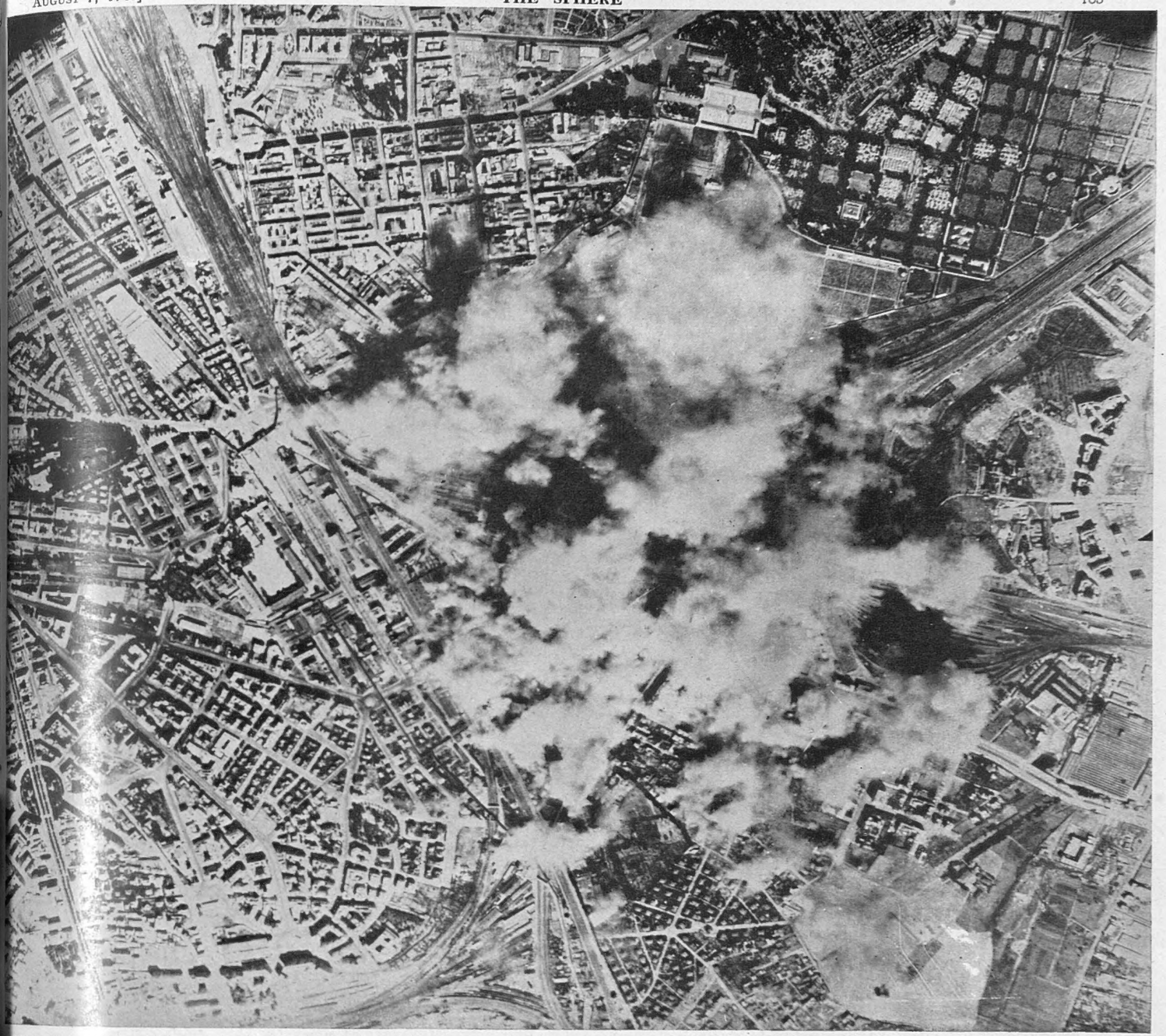
On the night of July 20-21 a big Allied air attack was launched on the city of Naples. The picture on the left was taken whilst the attack was in progress; that given below was secured by reconnaissance aircraft after the flames and smoke of the burning city had died down. Both emphasise grimly the words of Mr. Winston Churchill quoted above, taken from the speech he made after news of Mussolini's dismissal had been made public.

During the Naples attack more than 500 aircraft bombed the marshalling yards, industrial areas, docks and airfields in the greatest combined air attack launched against Italy from Allied bases in North Africa. Wellingtons of the R.A.F. began the attack in the darkness of the early morning; American bombers then continued with a daylight attack which lasted more than one-and-a-half hours. The crews observed two tremendous explosions—one from the Royal Arsenal, and another from an ammunition train. Smoke from a large oil-fire rose 12,000 ft. into the air.

The picture below shows some of the damage done to the railroad yards and the surrounding factories. The numbers indicate the following: **1**—The Royal Arsenal—all buildings damaged; **2**—The Torpedo Works—all buildings damaged; **3**—Innumerable craters on tracks, and railway lines torn up over a wide area; **4**—Freight and passenger trains damaged, destroyed and burning in the central area of the marshalling yards; **5**—The Engine Room, house, carriage sheds and repair sheds heavily damaged: many hits on tracks and coal dumps; **6**—Oil tanks destroyed, and large tanks still burning furiously; **7**—Factory destroyed; 8—Tracks severed and large buildings destroyed at the north end from the marshalling yards; **9**—Oleificio Lipari Oil Factory, apparently out of action; **10**—Heavy damage to all buildings of the Engineering and Aircraft Factory.

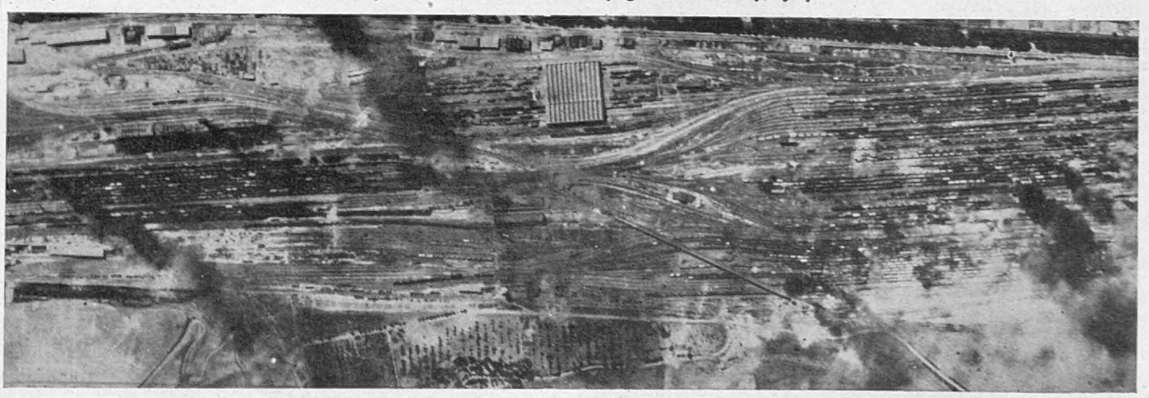
NAPLES BLANKETED IN SMOKE DURING THE ALLIED RAID WHICH HIT THE ARSENAL: Huge columns rising from an area which includes the railway yards: during the raid, smoke rose to a height of 12,000 ft.

THE SCENE WHICH GREETED OUR AERIAL OBSERVERS AFTER THE ONSLAUGHT ON NAPLES ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 20-21. The attack was begun in darkness by British aircraft, and was then continued in daylight by heavy American bombers (*see notes above*)

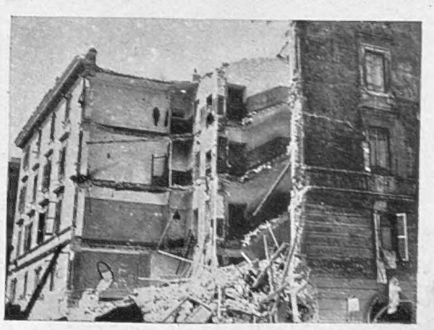


THE BOMBING OF MILITARY OBJECTIVES IN ROME: CLOUDS OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE FIRES IN THE MARSHALLING YARDS during the first bombing of the Italian capital. This raid was carried out by American aircraft in daylight on Monday, July 19

Now that all the controversy concerning the bombing of Rome has ended with the heavy attack made by American bombers on July 19, it is possible to assess some of the results. For one thing, the photographs demonstrate with what precision the attack on military objectives was carried out; for another thing, all Italy now knows that we are determined to destroy their railway junctions and the vast network of rail communications and sidings in the capital, which have for many months past been used by Germans and Italians alike for troop movements: finally, the bombing must have accelerated the unmourned departure of Mussolini very considerably, and deepened the anger of the populace against the man who forced them into an unwanted war. It is understood that 700 bombers took part in the attack on the 19th, and that 1100 tons of high explosive were rained down on the capital. It was the heaviest raid on any objective yet launched in the whole Mediterranean theatre of war: it lasted two hours and was carried out in ten waves. It is officially considered the most successful daylight operation of the war (*see also pp. 170-1 of this issue*)



***Above and on left*—TWO VIEWS OF THE LITTORIO MARSHALLING YARDS IN ROME AFTER THE RAID. That on the left shows fires still burning among the great concentration of rolling-stock. The white patches among the lines and rolling-stock show where high explosives have caused great damage**



"A block of flats damaged during the Allied raid on the Fascist capital"—*Italian caption*

ROME IS OUTSIDE THE GERMAN "FORTRESS"

A Consideration of Possible Axis Strategy in Connection with North Italy and the Mediterranean.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IF Rome should fall before the end of the summer, as well it may from a combination of local Allied landings, heavy bombing and an overflow of quit-the-war mentality within the gates (I write before any question of a Marshal Badoglio armistice has arisen), the event will be made the cause of tremendous jubilation and speculation—that is, if the hullabaloo attendant on Mussolini's exit is any pointer. It would be difficult, in fact, to avoid thinking of Rome alongside Paris, Oslo, Warsaw, Brussels, The Hague, Prague, Copenhagen and other capitals whose transference to the enemy was immediately followed by the overrunning of each and every country concerned. Yet, compared with these cities, Rome is an out-of-the-way capital, and one, moreover, which has been largely artificial in latter decades.

Geographically, the proper capital of Italy is Bologna, and it is quite possible that the Germans are currently thinking no less.

There is never much harm in trying to see things through the enemy's eyes; at any rate, it is quite a different performance from setting forth what *we* should do. Wherefore, consider for a moment how the Germans have been regarding Rome. Surely they have looked upon it preponderantly as the hub of Fascism and as a feeding junction of prime importance affecting all forces engaged to the south-west—in Africa, Sicily, Sardinia and Calabria—and even in the Ionian Sea and Crete?

If, therefore, Fascism is ceasing to exist in Italy, and Rome as military junction is under sentence, thanks to Allied bombing, the Italian capital would appear to have lost a very great deal of its usefulness to Hitler, even with Badoglio going on with his war. It is hardly stretching things to aver that Rome is henceforward outside the famous "Fortress," as Hitler or the German General Staff must be coming to redraw this under force of circumstances.

A greater loss to Hitler now than Rome would be the airfields and ports of Puglia province, facing Albania, and if he cannot retain these as a result of a stand between Etna and the Calabrian "toe," one sees small military merit in his attempting to stay on in Italy, in any circumstances, south of a line drawn roughly from the mouth of the Po, through the Apennines near Bologna, to the airfields and ports in the Pisa-Spezia country. This would be one of the shortest lines he could trace in Italy, and would include some of the most difficult terrain for attackers.

By standing on this line, the Germans would still have to feed some 20,000,000 Italians, and guard themselves against the majority. But if any people ever got used to the technique of imposing an occupation, the Germans have. It would be little different from what they 've been doing next door in France, and probably easier. They could use the involved Italians as outright slaves. They would hold the bulk of Italian industry, nearly all the power stations and the greater part of the country's communications.

When the Allies bombed this Occupied Italy, that would embitter the slaves and prepare the way for the sanguinary chaos which Hitler will do everything to bring forth in default of his securing a stalemate. And we may be sure that he would meanwhile secure as much collaboration from "ex"-Fascists in Northern Italy as ever he got from Paris-Nazis and Vichy. Militarily, he would be using a deep glacis formed by yet another occupied country, in order to stave off all save bomb-war from Greater Germany. And he would be keeping out of Allied hands by far the greater number of the best airfields for that bombing.

When Napoleon promised his tattered troops the riches of Italy, he was thinking of all this territory north of Bologna, and he wasn't only thinking of the riches of art galleries. Loot, yes; but also food, labour and strategy: General Buonaparte had such things in mind, too. And we know how Hitler honours Napoleon, even to bowing at his tomb and sending the Duke of Reichstadt's body to the Invalides.

Established on a short, strong line in Northern Italy, the Germans would face opponents with enormous lines of communications behind them, while they themselves would have relatively small distances over which to bring fresh troops from the Alpine foothills, on the Turin, as on the Verona and Trieste side. It was just such a reinforcing that won them Caporetto: only six surprise divisions of von Below's sufficed to crash clean through, the surprise having been that they were hidden in the mountains for a decisive stroke as opportunity for this offered.

Even before Mussolini fell, and before Orel, well-informed report told that the Germans had decided they would have to draw in from certain occupied regions on account of the growing difficulties experienced in holding them, and in view of the augmenting strength of the Allies. It was suggested that Northern Norway might be evacuated and parts of South-East Europe, which could only mean Greece, the Ægean, Crete. A German holding of Northern Italy could well fit in with such a general shortening of the western side of the "Fortress."

To keep the Bulgars in the war, Salonika would have to be held. This extremity of the "Fortress" might be the very strong Vardar position. Then the intended new line might be the shortest and strongest way north, through Yugoslavia to the Adriatic below Istria. Yugoslavia would need to be held in order to keep the Allies out of Rumania and Hungary, but the Germans might not altogether object to an Allied force spending its sinews in the extraordinarily difficult country represented by Northern Greece, Albania and Southern Dalmatia. The Germans are known to be raising special Bosnian and Croatian formations for use in the coastal hills, and if the Italian garrisons were withdrawn, Germans, Bulgars and Hungarians might hold the "Fortress's" wall through Yugoslavia to the Istrian Isthmus. What is quite certain is this: Hitler will hang on to the formidable Fiume-Pola-Trieste triangle as long as he sticks to anything, placing picked forces there, as he has done at Etna. He has already as good as taken over the whole Isthmus.

The fashioning of this Istrian bastion by Hitler comes into special notice now, inasmuch as Pola is not more than seventy miles from the mouth of the Po, across the Adriatic. In such narrow waters, the Germans would hope to prevent Allied intrusion by the use of shore-based fighters, torpedo and dive-bombers, and by deep minefields. They could expect to hold a continuous line across to the Po estuary, and thence onwards for, perhaps, a further 150 miles, through the Apennines to Spezia.

The next German consideration would be of Allied landing, or landings, in the Gulf of Genoa, on the Riviera, or in the great flat mouth of the Rhone, near Marseilles. This would mean holding some 300 miles of coast, but all who know this region (and few regions can be better known to travelling Britons) are aware of its mountainous fastnesses and fortifications, its rare passes up in the hills. The Germans have many highly-trained mountain troops, and we may be sure a good quota would be here.

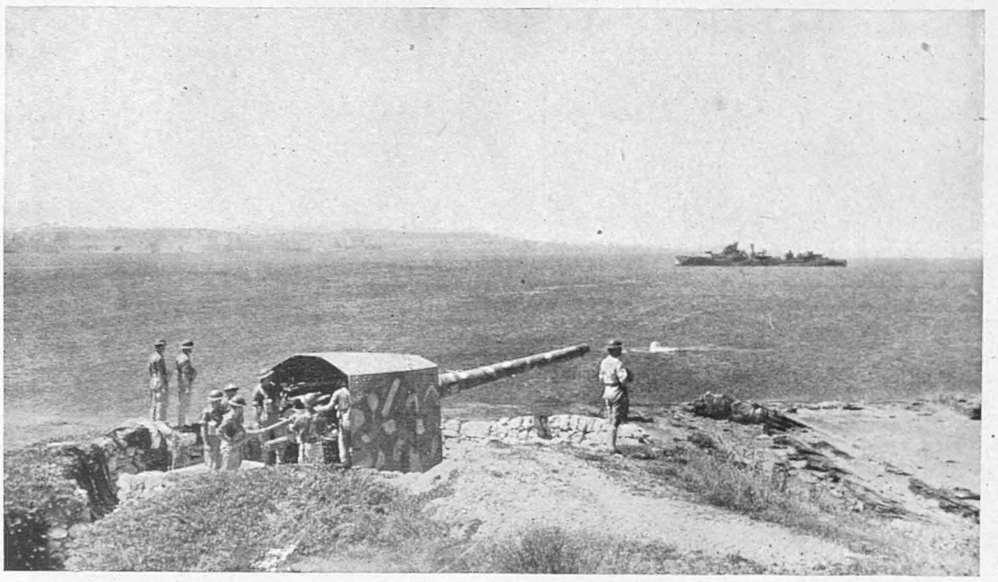
The main reason one suspects that Hitler will defend Piedmont and the South of France concerns the remarkable preparations that are being made round Lyons, 200 miles up the Rhone Valley, from the coast. It would seem as if the Germans are constructing another bastion of Istrian proportions in the mountainous country of the Ardèche, with special reference to the neighbourhood of Valence and Vienne. At any rate, the neighbouring Swiss tell repeatedly of enormous quantities of stores and munitions round Lyons, of a growing army there and of new airfields.

Lyons would also serve as the hinge connecting the German field army with its next scene of preparations to the north. Here they would enter the Vosges range and the Maginot system, which is said to have been turned to face west, and this would take them right up to another bastion north of Namur, between the Meuse and the Scheldt. Deep defences in this region were reported as long ago as mid-1942. The shortest and strongest way, then, would be to the mouth of the Scheldt.

Defence of the Dutch and Frisian coasts, and of Denmark, would bring Hitler to the Skagerrak; and so across to Christiansand and northwards to Bergen and Trondhjem. Too much work has been done at the latter all-purposes base for the Germans to contemplate leaving it, but competent authorities believe they may be preparing to abandon most of the territory north of Trondhjem.

It has been reckoned that if or when Italy goes out of the war, Hitler will have to lay hands upon fifty compensating divisions. Without broaching the big question of how many he might be able to conjure forth by stabilising a shortened front in the east, the lonely survivor of the great twin brethren could draw an economising line from Salonika to the Scheldt, via Bologna, Lyons and Namur. But that would not prevent the impending bomb-deluge on Germany, the likely turning factor.

P.S.—The above article is not forecasting. I well realise that the situation may be transformed by the time this SPHERE appears. What I have sought has been to look at things from the German angle and what the Germans may be hoping to do.

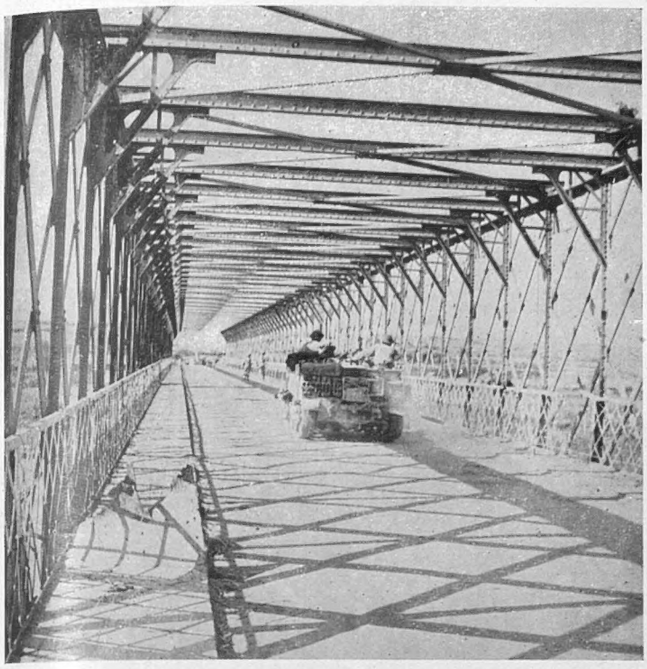


ONE OF THE MANY SIGNIFICANT THINGS WHICH HAPPENED IN SICILY: These two pictures were taken at Syracuse: they show the harbour and the sea approaches to it filled with Allied invasion shipping. The coastal-defence positions commanding the harbour should have been defended by Italian or German gunners: instead they were overcome by our Commandos. The guns were found to be in firing order, and they are now being manned by a British coastal-defence battery under the command of Major J. V. Kelly, D.S.O. When we come to invade the mainland of Italy, what guarantee have the Axis that a similar change of ownership—by the same means—will not occur at other points along the vulnerable coastline?

PICTURES FROM THE SICILIAN BATTLEFRONT

The Advance up the Coast ; and the Amazing Scenes of Capitulation Amongst the Italian Defenders of the Island

Accustomed as we became to the wholesale surrender of Italian troops during the campaigns in Libya and Tunisia and East Africa, recent scenes on the island of Sicily have demonstrated even more forcibly the average Italian soldier's unwillingness to fight—even when in defence of his own Homeland. By scores, by hundreds, by thousands, they have been streaming in, almost *insisting* on laying down their arms! The main opposition was soon coming only from the Germans : in their positions around Catania, they had lined up for their main defensive action whilst the Italians speculated eagerly on the outcome of Mussolini's dismissal and its effect on the unwanted war. The Sicilian populace, too, have shown that they are eager to get on a friendly basis with their conquerors and to rout out the abhorred Fascists and their hangers-on



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS CATANIA : A Bren-gun carrier crossing the Simote Bridge towards the Axis defence line. This bridge was captured by our Airborne troops, who held it until the Infantry of the Eighth Army were able to take it over : it was held against repeated German counter-attacks until a bridgehead was established

AFTER THE BATTLE FOR THE GORNALUNGA BRIDGE. This crosses the river of the same name which runs out to the east coast of the island between Lentini and Catania. A fierce battle raged here for three days before Allied troops captured it undamaged

A ROAD BLOCK ON THE CATANIA ROAD. These twin concrete posts were reduced during the advance northwards of the Eighth Army. They were obviously knocked out by artillery fire

A TYPICAL SCENE IN SICILY : The last of the Italian garrison at Melilla guarded by two or three British soldiers after their surrender

THE CAPTURE OF AUGUSTA. This useful port was captured on July 13, and a British patrol is here seen passing through a badly damaged street in the town. The Italian stronghold had been bombed from the air by the R.A.F. and shelled from the sea by the Royal Navy before its fall

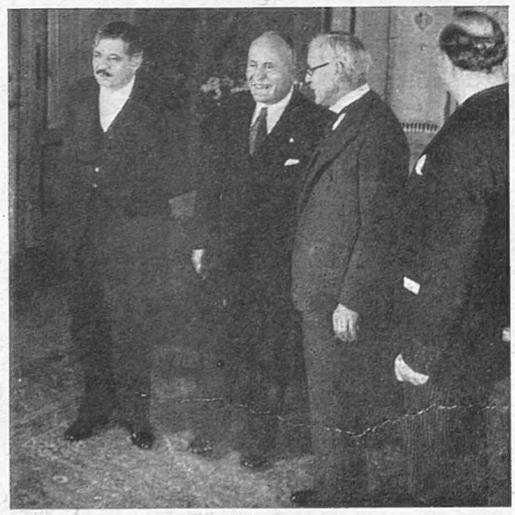
THE AMAZING SURRENDERS OF THE ITALIAN SOLDIERS : A body of troops, waving white flags, come forward to surrender. The spirit of non-resistance was even more marked in Sicily than during the Libyan and Tunisian campaigns

PINCHBECK CÆSAR

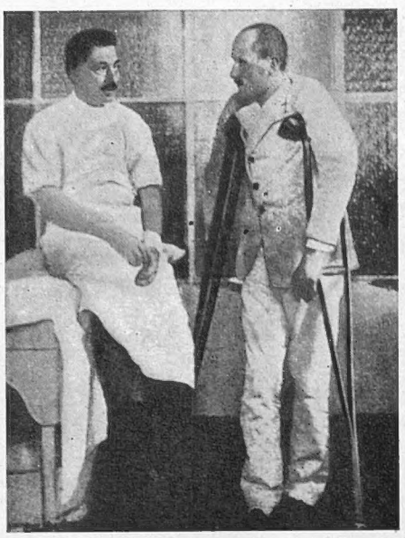
The Story of Benito Mussolini—His Rise to Power in 1922 and His Decline in 1943—Told in a Series of Pictures Illustrative of His Charlatanry, Theatricalism and Political Treachery

THE START OF A FASCIST CAREER: In 1919—again arrested. Italy was in a state of turmoil when Mussolini founded his Fascist organisation at Milan. During this period—after the desertion of his pre-war ex-Socialist friends—he was arrested a dozen times by the police

AT THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE. Great hopes were entertained with regard to these meetings: the "cordial character" of the relations between Lord Curzon and Mussolini were regarded as a good omen—but Mussolini was, even then, a very slippery customer! Lord Curzon is seen on Mussolini's right, and on his left is M. Poincaré

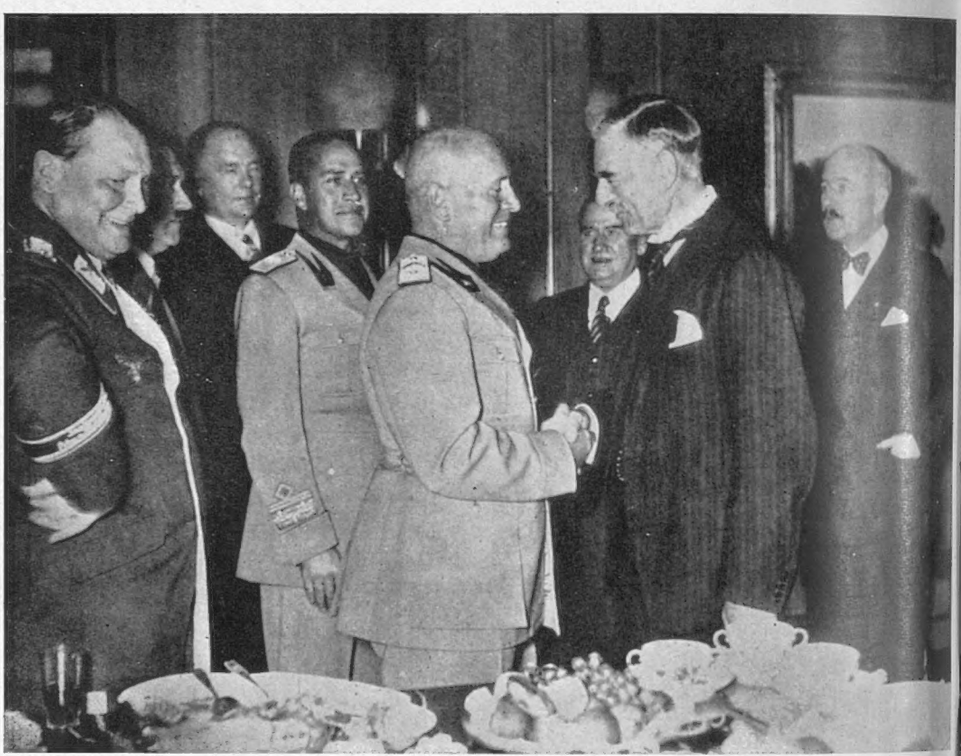


WORLD HISTORY IN STRESA. On April 14, 1935, Mussolini met Laval, Flandin and Ramsay MacDonald in that town. It was during the course of this year that Italy attacked Abyssinia and Economic Sanctions were applied against the aggressor. Demonstrations were held against Britain in Rome, and Laval began on the path of friendship for Italy which finally led him to become the Quisling of France

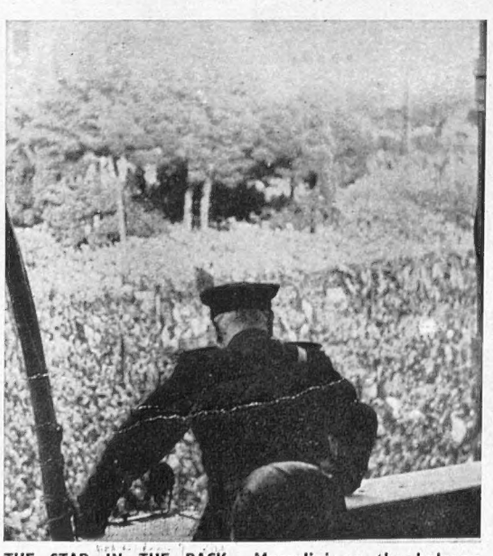


IN 1917, AS A WOUNDED SOLDIER. Mussolini liked to say that he had twenty-seven operations: others said he was wounded behind the lines. In hospital, the King first spoke to the Corporal from whom he was later to take orders

JUST BEFORE HIS ACCESSION TO POWER. Now a powerful Member of Parliament: Mussolini drives away with his political friends after an audience with the King. Mussolini had refused all compromise with the Liberal Government, and shortly afterwards he became Premier, Dictator, Scourge of Italy—and of the King!



THE FAMOUS MUNICH CONFERENCE OF 1938. The Four-Power Conference at the Fuehrerhaus, when a new agreement on the cession of the Sudeten territory of Czechoslovakia was signed on September 30. War was thought to be imminent, but it was averted by the last-minute intervention of the Duce. Goering and Hitler are on the left, Ciano and Mussolini in the centre, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain on the right. Daladier is in the background—where he has remained ever since



THE STAB IN THE BACK. Mussolini on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia in Rome as he announced on June 10, 1940 that Italy had declared war on France and Britain. "The die is now cast," he said. "A great people is ready to face its destiny"

THE CROWN PRINCE SUPPORTS THE DUCE. A picture taken in October 1940: Dictator and royal heir had just reviewed the troops under the command of the latter on the northern front. Mussolini's star was then very much in the ascendant

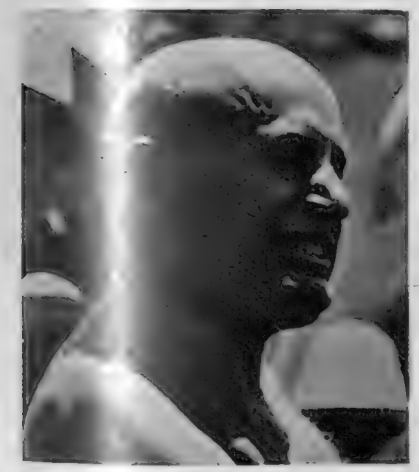
THE SIGNING OF THE LATERAN TREATY IN FEBRUARY 1929, when the Vatican and the Italian Government came to terms. The Treaty restored the temporal power of the Popes and the modern Vatican State was created. Above are seen Monsignor Borgongini Duca (Cardinal's Secretary, and now Papal Nuncio in Italy); Cardinal Gasparri (signing the Pact with a pen of gold); and Benito Mussolini

IN THE PALAZZO VENEZIA, 1934. The Duce studies his papers in the vast chamber which he used as office and from the balcony of which he made his speeches. He delighted in its vast spaces, and all visitors had to traverse many yards before they reached his desk, during which time they were closely scrutinised and appraised by the Dictator

IN MID-CAREER. Already bald; with cunning, sideways glance; and typically out-thrust chin. A study taken at Stresa in 1935 whilst conferring with Ramsay MacDonald and Flandin

MUSSOLINI AND HIS NEW CHIEF OF STAFF. This was General Graziani, "Hero of the Great War, the Ethiopian and the Spanish Wars"—or, as he was even better known, "The Butcher of Libya." This picture was taken on November 4, 1938, anniversary of victory over Austria

MUSSOLINI WITH MARSHAL BADOGLIO. In May 1940, just before the Stab in the Back, Mussolini pays a visit to Italy's War Memorial during Army Day celebrations in Rome. The man on the left is Ettore Muti, Fascist Secretary, who has long since disappeared from the political scene



STRIPPED TO THE WAIST in July 1938, during a visit to the Pontine Marshes, land reclaimed from the sea and given over to farming

A TYPICAL PORTRAIT: Clad in military uniform and tin helmet, Mussolini has just been talking to a soldier's widow. His facile emotion—one of his less pleasing characteristics—is here well depicted

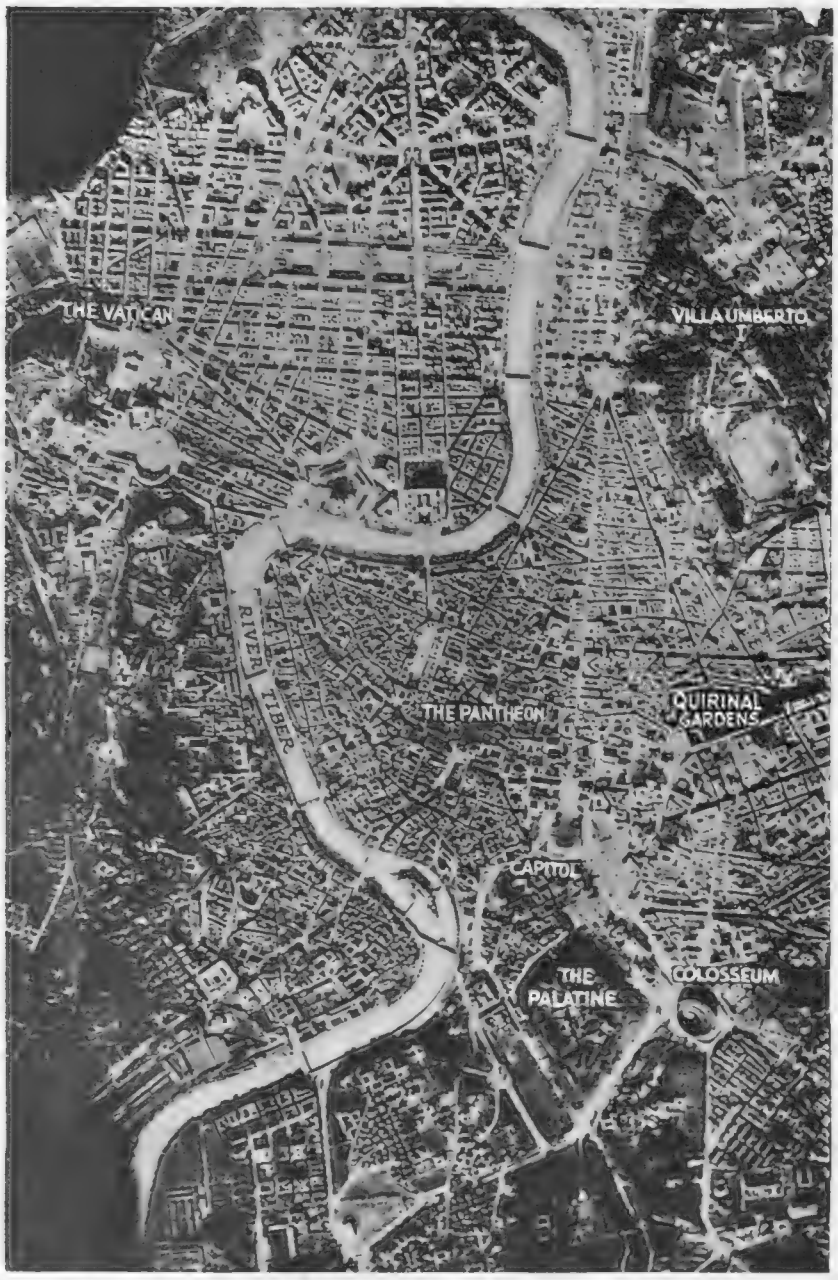
THE PINCHBECK CÆSAR IN HIS PRIME: On March 23, 1940, at the celebration of the "Foundation of the Fascist Units of Combat." The Dictator is saluting officers as they march past. The words on the great Book below mean "Believe, Obey, Fight." To-day, Italians are doing none!

THE THREATENING FIST. This might almost be called Mussolini's favourite pose—fist clenched, mouth wide open and hurling defiance to all and sundry. Behind stand the oddly-clad retinue who always accompanied the Dictator in his public appearances

b

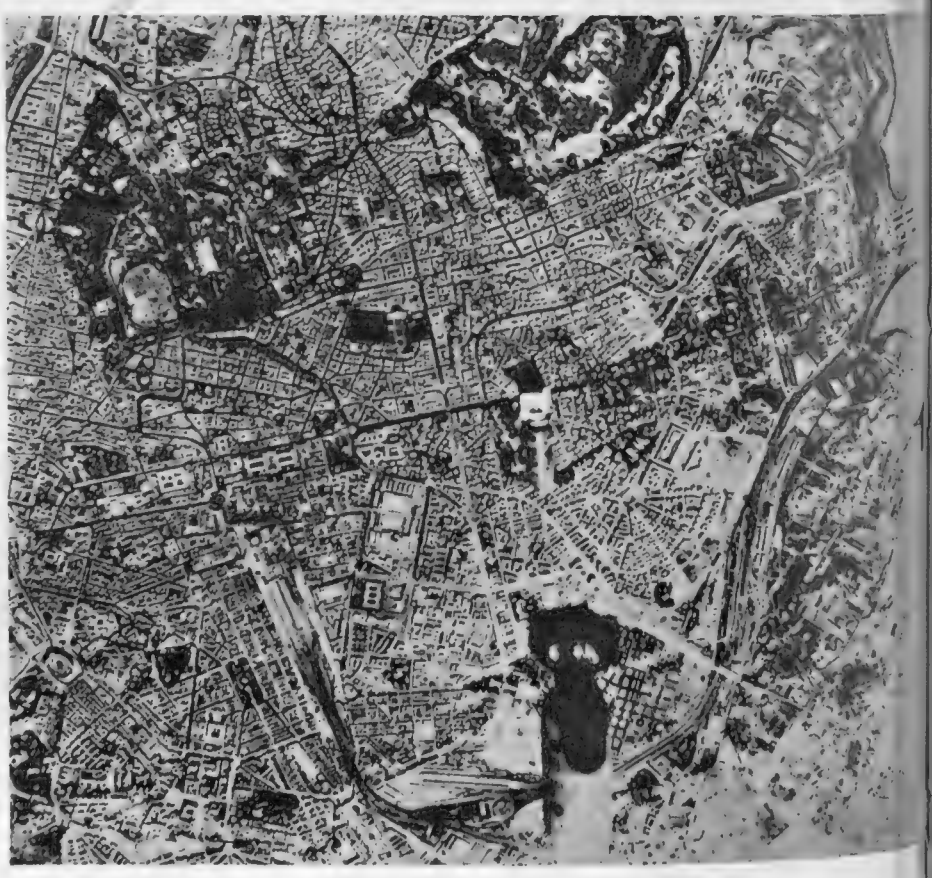
How the FIRST AIR ATTACK on the CITY of ROME was Carried Out by U.S. BOMBERS

Aerial Pictures, and a Special Drawing, Showing the Quarters which were Attacked and Their Relation to Rome's Historic Monuments



THE CENTRE OF THE CITY OF ROME taken from a height of over 20,000 ft. Many of Rome's principal buildings are included within this view: amongst them are the **Vatican,** on the left bank of the River Tiber; the **Colosseum,** in the bottom-right hand; **The Palatine**; the **Capitol**; the **Quirinal Gardens.** The marshalling yards which were the targets of the U.S. bombers lie outside this picture, to the north and to the east of the city

ROME'S MAIN STREET—Short, but important: The Corso (officially, the Corso Umberto Primo) is the central street of three running to the south from the Piazza del Popolo. Its length to the Piazza Venezia is half a mile. On the Corso are the leading banks, office buildings and exclusive shops



On right—**THE ROME MARSHALLING YARDS UNDER ATTACK, with bombs actually falling towards their targets.** The station is seen in the lower left centre of the view; the railway tracks curve away to the right. The picture was taken from the south-east: the Vatican lies some considerable distance away, across the river Tiber, to the north-west

THE BOMBING OF ROME: WHERE THE TARGET AREAS WERE SITUATED IN THE FIRST RAID ON THE CITY. The above bird's-eye view is taken from a point above the Aventine district, with the Victor Emmanuel II Monument, the Colosseum and the Lateran Church almost in a line. It will be seen that the target areas were all to the east or north-east of the main historic sites of the city. The Tiber is out of the view on the left, together with the Vatican, which lies at the north-west corner of the city beyond the river—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

After three years of immunity, the city of Rome was heavily raided for the first time on Monday, July 19. Five hundred American bombers carried out the attack in daylight, after warning leaflets had been dropped apprising the citizens of what was to come. Despite the number of ancient and historic monuments with which Rome abounds, none of these was hit: the attack was confined, principally, to the Railway Marshalling Yards, and was carried out with the object of hindering Italy's capacity to continue the war in Sicily. It was an all-American assault; many of the crews were Roman Catholic volunteers; ten waves of bombers took part; and many 4,000-lb. bombs were dropped.

The drawing reproduced above shows the Marshalling Yards in relation to the rest of Rome. The Vatican, about which so much was heard in the months and months of controversy which preceded the raid, lies well out of the picture away to the north-west, so that there was no danger of its neutrality being infringed. Many of the historic sites of Rome are indicated in the drawing: none of these—beyond the Basilica of San Lorenzo Fuori, which lies close to the Lorenzo Marshalling Yards—was hit.

Before the raid a chart map was given to each bomber crew, showing an enlarged aerial view of the city. By following the twists of the River Tiber (these are clearly shown in the photograph in the upper-left hand), the American airmen were able to pick out all the famous landmarks. It is not unlikely that the fall of Mussolini was accelerated by this fresh evidence of Allied determination to bring the war home to the Italians in the most determined manner possible

PART OF THE CITY OF ROME, SHOWING THE CIRCULAR COLOSSEUM which is amongst the most important of the city's many antiquities. Neither this nor the other monuments were hit during the heavy raid carried out by the American bombers in daylight on July 19

UNDER THE PERPETUALLY SMOKING SUMMIT OF MOUNT ETNA: From their strong-points in front of the town of Catania, the Germans mounted a powerful counter-attack by tanks in an attempt to reduce our bridgeheads north of the Primesole Bridge. These lay between the sea and a point 2 miles inland. Using the tactics that thwarted panzer thrusts in Tunisia, our troops stuck to their guns and fired at point-blank range at the tanks which tried to dash through our line. Not an inch of ground was yielded. The main road across the marshland is seen in the centre of this drawing, with a water-crossing in the left hand. The Eighth Army guns are massed in the foreground, and Etna dominates the scene in the background, with Catania at its foot.—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE GREAT SICILIAN VOLCANO WHICH DOMINATES THE CATANIAN PLAIN, where the main German resistance on the island was encountered by the Eighth Army. Right round the mountain massif runs the railway line, which extends from Taormina down the coast to Catania, then inland and around. The gigantic hollow on the east side, known as the Valle del Bove, with walls 2,000-4,000 ft., is seen below the main active crater: a diagram of this is given on the following page

The Battle for Sicily

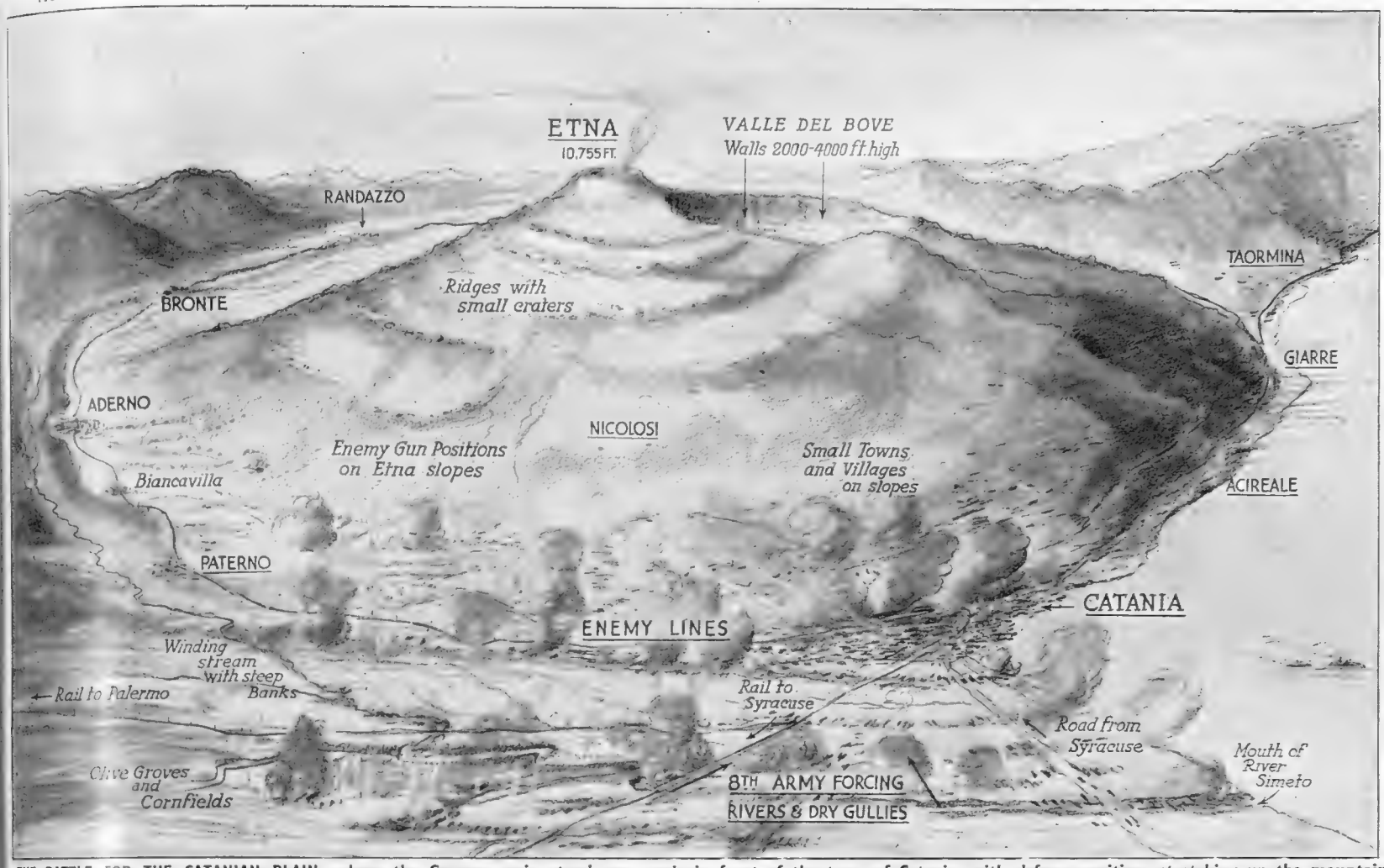
THE FIGHTING AROUND CATANIA

On the Slopes of Mount Etna, which Dominated the Scene of the Struggle for the Plain

—Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

After the failure of the Axis forces to anticipate accurately the location of the Allied landing-places on the Island of Sicily (as recounted on pages 180-1 of this issue), the Germans determined to make a stand on the Catanian Plain. With Mount Etna as a centre, a line was hurriedly manned from Catania, round the mountain massif, to the island's north coast; and this was held against the victorious Eighth Army pushing up from the south, and the Canadians advancing from the

THE ENEMY'S REARGUARD AREA from Catania to the north-west of the island, where a defence line was established by the Germans to safeguard the Messina tip



THE BATTLE FOR THE CATANIAN PLAIN, where the German main stand was made in front of the town of Catania, with defence positions stretching up the mountain slopes. This diagram shows how the Eighth Army approached the enemy by forcing the rivers and dry gullies at the edge of the plain—*Drawing by Percy Home*

direction of Enna in the very centre of Sicily. By this means, it was obviously hoped to hold on to the Messina tip, so that reinforcements and supplies could still reach the defenders from the mainland. The general situation was as given in the upper drawing on the right-hand page.

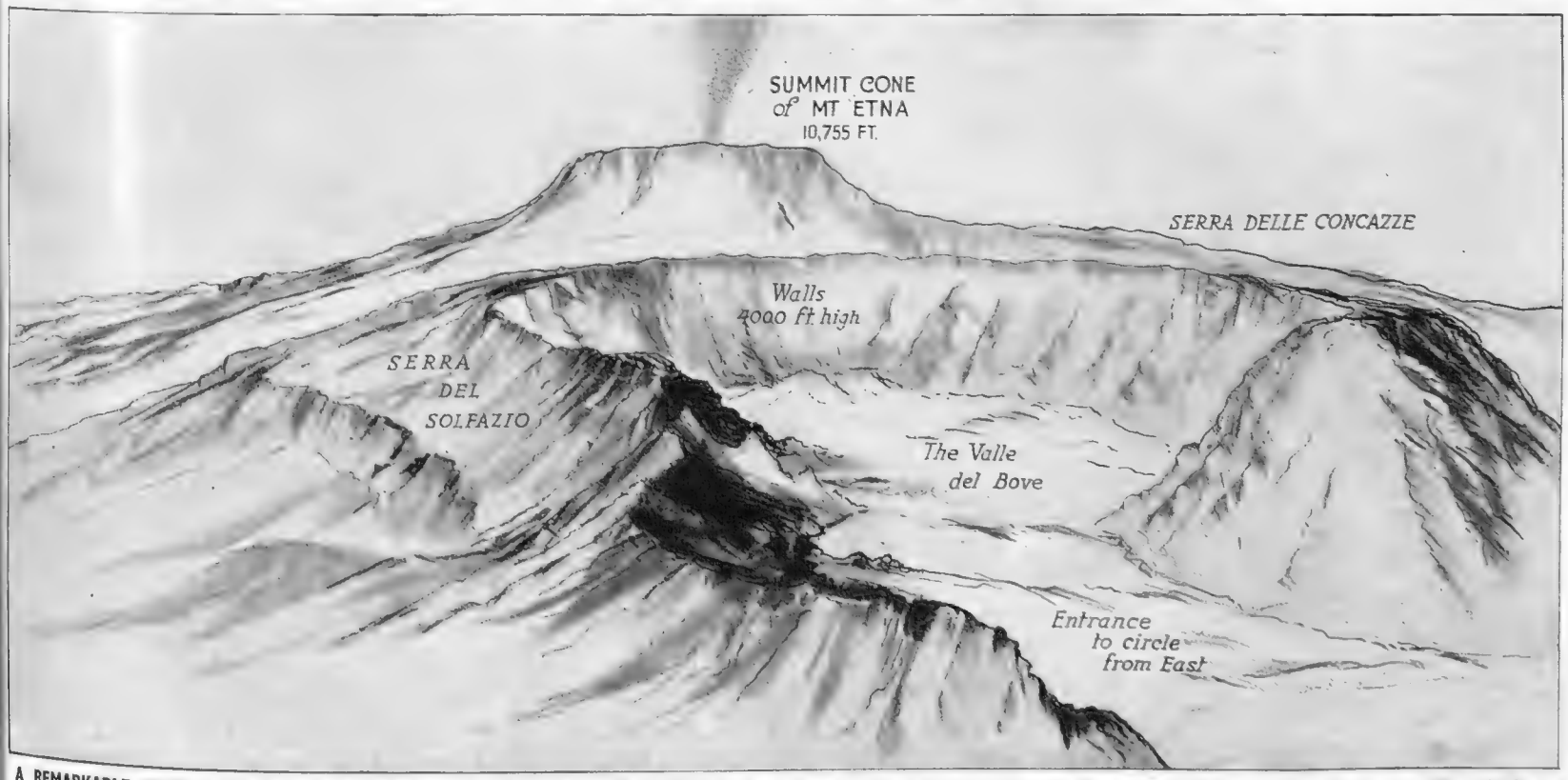
The slopes of Mount Etna are wooded in many places, and the north-eastern tip of the island—the "Messina tip"—is covered with lofty ranges. Along the coast the mountains sweep down to the Strait of Messina, with only the narrowest corridor along the coast, thus barring the way to tanks and heavy lorries. All up the slopes of Etna the enemy had prepared positions of great defensive strength.

Mount Etna itself soon began to join in the fray! Towering above Catania,

THE NEW ROAD UP TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ETNA, showing two old cones of the volcano known as Monti Rossi. The road is a fine feat of engineering, built up above the lava formations in places

it was soon reported to be belching forth columns of smoke. With a height of 10,750 ft., this volcano is two-and-a-half times the height of Vesuvius, and it has a record of 120 eruptions against only fifty by Vesuvius. Etna covers an area of about 460 square miles, and the distance round its base is ninety miles.

One notable and awe-inspiring feature of the volcano is depicted in the drawing at the bottom of this page. This is the Valle del Bove, a huge, sterile abyss somewhat similar to the celebrated Circle of Gavarnie in the Hautes Pyrénées. It is bounded on three sides by perpendicular cliffs which are 2,000 to 4,000 ft. in height. Included in the mountain mass of Etna are some 200 subsidiary cones, some of which are over 3,000 ft. high. The whole area is lava strewn, and there is no direct way over the mountain itself.



A REMARKABLE FEATURE OF THE MOUNT ETNA REGION—THE VALLE DEL BOVE, an awe-inspiring circle towards the volcano's summit which has walls which are in places thousands of feet deep, and which is similar in formation to the celebrated Circle de Gavarnie in the Pyrenees—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE CEASELESS WORK OF THE ALLIED AIR FORCES IN SICILY: Mitchells bomb the road and oil dumps at Randazzo, a famous medieval hill town below Mount Etna.—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Battle for Sicily

UNDER THE SHADOWS OF ETNA

The Fighting Around the Catanian Plain (*cont.*)

Whilst fighting in the Catanian Plain was in progress, the bombing of all strategic points went on without pause. Randazzo, a hill town of 10,000 inhabitants under the shadow of Mount Etna, occupies an important position on the road leading to Messina, towards the north-east of the mountain massif. Mitchells dropped 46 tons of high explosive on the town in one sortie, scoring direct hits on a road bridge and other hits on the road itself on the edge of the town. Among the targets hit in the town was an oil or petrol dump, which blew up. Like many of the Sicilian hill towns, Randazzo is a picturesque spot: during volcanic eruptions it was always protected by its valley from the lava flowing down the mountain-side

A TYPICAL ROAD IN THE HILLY COUNTRY OF SICILY, from Messina en route to Milazzo and Palermo: The difficulties confronting an army on the march in the north-east corner of Sicily are considerable: these two pictures tell why. In the jumble of hills which form the Messina tip, the roads go up and down, and corkscrew about, in a manner which forbids the free passage of heavy tanks and guns. Along the coast, the level stretches frequently contract to narrow beaches, forbidding the use of any heavy vehicles at all. Hence the fighting in the region of Catania, which is being waged for the control of the *inland* routes to the Messina tip, so that the Eighth Army's heavy equipment may go by good roads towards the north of the island for its final conquest

A VIEW OF THE COASTAL STRIP BETWEEN TAORMINA AND MESSINA, showing the manner in which the narrow beaches and the railway line skirt the Strait of Messina on the east coast of the island

THE HILL TOWN OF CALTAGIRONE, ON THE ROAD FROM AGRIGENTO TO SYRACUSE, "the most civilised provincial town in Sicily." An impression of this important centre which fell into Allied hands shortly after the invasion of the island

Caltagirone was founded by the Saracens on the site of an earlier town: it has 45,000 inhabitants, is 2,000 ft. above sea level, and is typical of much that is typically Sicilian. Lying among the hills to the south-west of Etna, it commands a magnificent panorama. To-day, it is being administered by British officers, and the local inhabitants have settled down to a style of life and freedom of thought and expression which have been denied to them for 20 years under the now-vanished Fascist régime

HOW THE SICILIAN PEASANTRY WELCOMED THE INVADERS OF THEIR ISLAND. A scene which was everywhere duplicated in town and village: the inhabitants turn out to cheer as British lorries pass through on their way to the fighting area—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It is now generally agreed that one of the reasons for the downfall of Mussolini was the sudden discovery that the Sicilians were actually welcoming the invaders of their island! The picture reproduced above is typical of many similar incidents during the occupation. As one observer of the scene wrote: "The people received the American troops and the first R.A.F. contingents passing through with loud cheers: everywhere men, women and children clapped when we passed through and, recognising the R.A.F. roundel on our trucks, shouted: "Long live the English airfield." They all complained of rough treatment by the Germans, and the fact that their larders were empty. . . . The welcome for the British and American forces was quite genuine and always expressed with a few words of hatred against the Germans, who evidently were anything but popular among the peasants and townsfolk of this part of Sicily"

The Battle for Sicily

The BRITISH FLEET in ACTION

—And Nowhere was there Evidence of the Italian Navy !

THE NAVY BRINGS BACK THE SICILIAN PRISONERS TO NORTH AFRICA. Counting the bag as batches of Italians march off the landing craft

THE NAVY ALSO TRANSPORTS OUR OWN CASUALTIES. Walking wounded come ashore from the first Hospital Ship to arrive in North Africa

THE BIGGEST GUNS OF THE ROYAL NAVY TAKE A HAND IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF E[illegible] close range. Owing to the absence of any of the [illegible]

A WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIER being taken aboard a landing craft for transfer to a Hospital Ship off the Sicilian coast

AFTER A SEVEN-HOUR ORDEAL : A Lance-Corporal is picked up by a naval vessel after his glider—blown off its course by the strong wind—had landed in the sea. The rescue was effected only after the men had spent some hours in the water

The assistance of the British Fleet during the operations in Sicily reached a culminating point when one of the most powerful units of the Royal Navy joined in the task of bombarding the Germans around the town of Catania out of the strong positions they had taken up to bar the advance of the Eighth Army.

For weeks past now, the German and Italian radio have been mentioning the names of British battleships which, they say, are playing a part in operations in the Mediterranean. Amongst these they have specifically mentioned the *Queen Elizabeth* : she may well have been present off the coast of Sicily.

Owing to the marked and continued absence of the inglorious Italian Navy, and thanks also to British and American supremacy in the air, no longer is it necessary to keep the big naval units tucked away in remote harbours, sheltering under the anti-aircraft batteries: they can come out into the open, batter the shore from close range and retire at leisure.

One correspondent has declared that the attack on Catania was the first time a capital ship had taken a direct part in the attack on Sicily.

MY POSITIONS ON SHORE DURING THE SICILIAN OPERATIONS: A 35,000-ton battleship of the Queen Elizabeth class hurls 15-in. shells into the town of Catania from g ships of the Italian Navy, our heavy warships were able to wreak what damage they chose!—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

She steamed into the Bay and opened up with her forward turret guns at only 7 miles range. Swinging round to starboard when only five miles off the town, she then poured broadside after broadside into the objectives.

One of the chief targets was a big barracks, the buildings of which —in close parallel lines—were easily visible from the deck. Observers on the battleship's superstructure could see the shells tearing through the buildings, rending them apart and reducing them to rubble amidst a mass of flame.

Terrific damage was done in an attack which lasted for 30 minutes. Before she turned away, the battleship's escorting destroyers raced in and helped in the bombardment from very close range. Shore batteries attempted to reply, but their efforts caused no damage, nor did they upset the operation in any way. Submarines were detected in the vicinity, but no attack by them materialised.

As the naval forces steamed away, a great pall of smoke hung over the city from the huge fires started. The only planes to appear during the bombardment were two fighters which made off as soon as they saw what they were up against!

TROOPSHIPS EN ROUTE FOR SICILY UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE BRITISH NAVY. The size of some of the vessels employed on this task was considerable. As an additional precaution against dive-bombers, barrage balloons were flown from the decks of some of the ships taking part in the operation

The Battle for Sicily

BY SEA AND BY AIR

The Double Bombardment to which the Island has been Subjected Within Recent Days

Below—On the preceding pages of this issue, we reproduce a drawing by Mr. Montague Dawson in illustration of the bombardment of Catania by a British battleship. The drawing below gives an impression of the scene at the "receiving end." Until the last war, it was considered that the heavy shells of a big naval vessel were most effective when dropped from above on to the target. At the bombardment of the Gallipoli forts, however, the heavy shells from our naval units buried themselves deep in the ground before exploding, and thus did little damage. Since then, our ammunition and tactics have both been changed. When Catania was shelled, one of the targets was a large barracks on shore: this was hit by lateral fire instead of plunging fire, and most effective it proved, according to eye-witnesses on the battleship.

Cruisers and destroyers—as well as the battleship at Catania—have taken a hand in the bombardment of Sicily; and the enemy himself has paid a tribute to the "hellish fire from heavy-calibre guns."

WHEN ATTACKING LAND OBJECTIVES IN SICILY, OUR HEAVY WARSHIPS HAVE EMPLOYED LATERAL FIRE, in preference to the dropping fire of long-distance naval engagements. The penetration sideways seems to have been damaging in the extreme. The attack on the barracks at Catania is shown here diagrammatically, with the big 15-in. shells from a British battleship in Catania Bay hitting the sides of the buildings instead of dropping down from above: the shells used on such an occasion have been developed since the last war—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE NAVY'S WORK IN THE STRAITS OF MESSINA: British motor torpedo boats enter the narrow waters and attack a flotilla of E-boats. Two of the latter were set scrambled ashore under fire, while a third boat of the enemy flotilla made her escape after having suffered damage—

ON THE BRIDGE OF A NAVAL VESSEL during the landing operations in Sicily: The scene as the ship approached Pachino, in the south-east corner of the island, where British and Canadian troops were put ashore

***On left*—OVER THE SEA IN A BOSUN'S CHAIR.** Just before the Canadian troops started their landing on the beaches of Sicily, it became necessary to transfer a Canadian Staff officer, Major J. M. Robinson, from the ship in which he had started out in North Africa to a destroyer, H.M.S. *Wheatland* (seen under way in this picture). Three ships, all under way, took part in the transfer—that in which the Major was travelling, the destroyer and a third ship which is out of the picture beyond the straining line. Even in calm weather the transfer from one ship to another is a hazardous operation when the vessels are under way

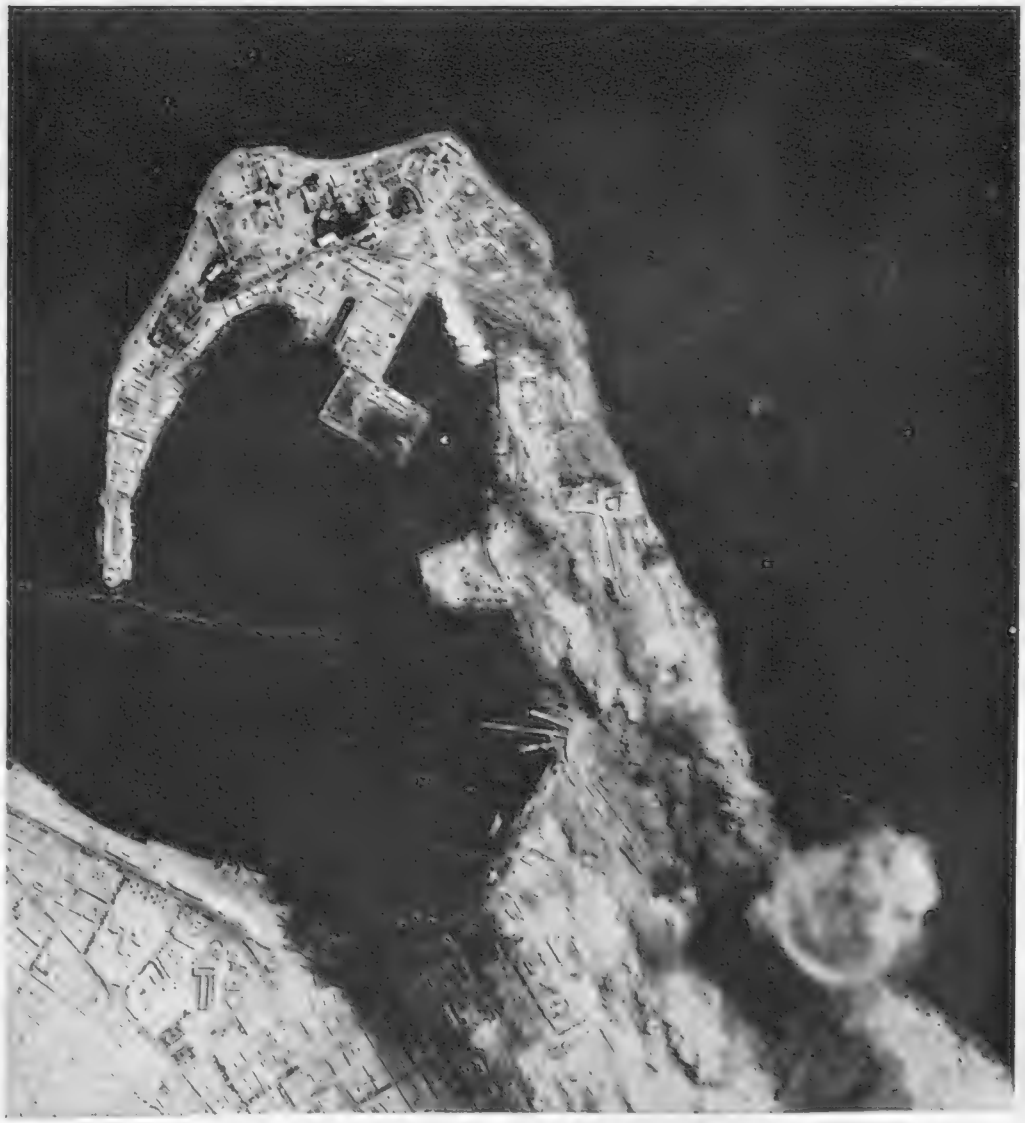
BLOCKADE, AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE ASSAULT ON SICILY—Harrying the Axis lines of communication on the north coast of the island : Allied bombers attacking enemy supply ships off the coast near Tyndaris—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

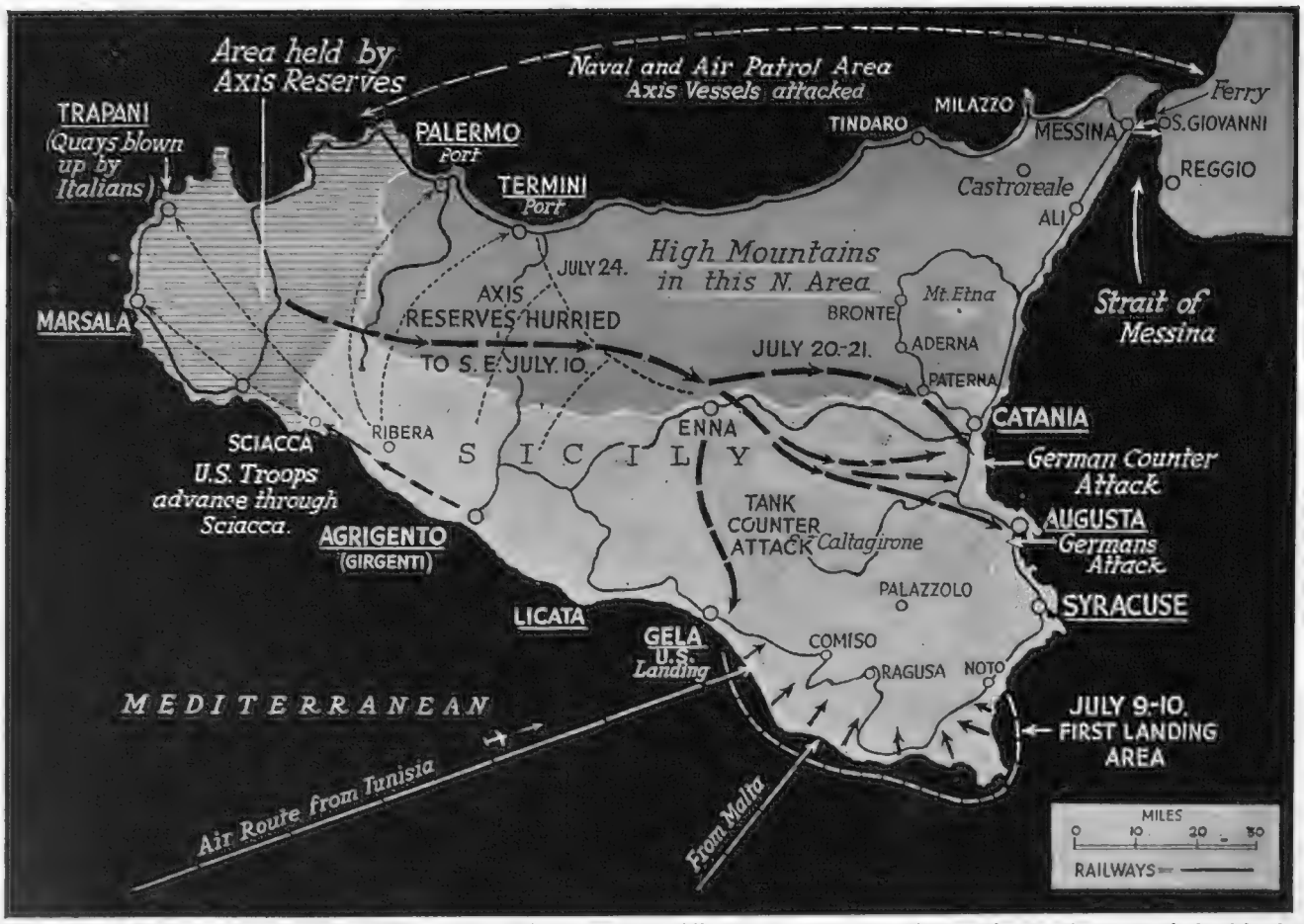
While the swiftly moving and spectacular results on the land have naturally drawn attention to the military operations, it must not be overlooked that naval and air blockades have also been in operation all round the island of Sicily. It is along the northern shores, and around the Messina Narrows, that most enemy activity by sea has been evident. Ships, both mercantile and naval, have been tracked down and were severely damaged or sunk. The attack from the air shown above is typical of a number of similar assaults on the enemy. It took place near the remarkable headland close to Melilla, in the north-east, or Messina, corner of the island. The building seen in the drawing is the Sanctuary of the Madonna del Tindaro, on the top of a precipice which drops down a sheer 600 ft. to the sea : to the seaward are the beautiful Aeolian Islands. At this spot is the ancient Acropolis of Tyndaris, where for centuries has stood the Sanctuary of the miraculous Madonna

ablaze by gunfire ; they were beached by their crews, who then
Drawing by Wm. McDowell

One of the many exploits of the Navy during the struggle in Sicily was the forcing of the narrow Straits of Messina by our motor torpedo boats. These vessels were sent out from Britain in goodly numbers during the Tunisian campaign ; and the wisdom of this move has been amply demonstrated during the operations against the Axis since the landings on the island. On this occasion, the M.T.B.s encountered three of the enemy's E-boats : they were promptly engaged, and two of them were sunk and the third damaged. Although the war has been carried to his own home waters, therefore, this and other operations by the Royal Navy have demonstrated the inefficacy of the Italians to hold our warships at bay. All round the island, in the Straits of Messina, in the Tyrrhenian Sea and around the toe and heel of the mainland, it is Allied vessels which have command of the situation and which have virtually cut off the island, despite that Sicily is only two or three miles distant from the mainland. Before the war, Mussolini, on many occasions, made our flesh creep with the awful threat of his " mosquito Navy " : his threats have yet to be put into practice !

On right—**THE FERRY PORT OF MESSINA UNDER AIR ATTACK.** This important link with the mainland of Italy has been attacked many times from the air. On the night of July 13-14 it was attacked by British and Canadian Wellington bombers, and then, by daylight on the 14th, by over 200 American Fortresses, Liberators, Marauders and Mitchells. Port installations, marshalling yards, warehouses, power stations and other military objectives were hit. Great billows of smoke rose from the bomb-blasted port, and fires were seen for many miles. Messina is the terminus of the Italy-Sicily Ferry Service, which brought food and supplies to the Axis soldiers and civilians on the island. It has now been blockaded by land, sea and air ! Across the Straits of Messina, the other ferry port of Reggio, on the mainland, has also been severely hit by bombers





HOW THE INVASION WAS CARRIED OUT, and how the enemy's mobile reserves were caught too far to the west of the island. The black lines indicate how the Axis attempted to counter our advances two or three days too late: the lighter dotted lines show how advantage was then taken of their withdrawals by further Allied advances in the area to the west

Since the Invasion of Sicily, it has become obvious that the enemy were caught on the wrong foot. They had been expecting our troops to land in the west of the island: consequently, their heaviest concentrations were grouped around Trapani and Marsala. Demolitions had, in fact, been made at the former port to prevent the landing there of our heavy equipment. When the landings were made in the east and south-east of the island, the Axis forces had to switch round at once. But it was then too late. The mobile reserves which should have been ready to repel our troops on the beaches did not arrive at the scene of action until our first footholds had been enlarged into definite bridgeheads. For this reason, the Germans were forced to make their stand around Catania

The Battle for Sicily

The ELEMENT of SURPRISE

How it was Accomplished in Sicily. And Some Earlier Historic Examples

—Notes by DONALD COWIE

SURPRISE has always been held to be an essential factor in the success of an amphibious operation. That it was very largely attained in the case of Sicily has become increasingly evident. The local resistance put up along the shores of the south-eastern area of the island was very light—the pill-boxes and wire obstacles were few, and only lightly held; some batteries were active when our forces appeared, and a few isolated nests of resistance had to be overcome. But the way was soon clear for the capture of Syracuse and Augusta, and the occupation of the pre-arranged areas.

The subsequent counter-attacks and general stiffening of resistance gave evidence that the reserves of German troops had been moved up from the western area. There was a distinct gap in time which showed that the enemy had not expected the Allied attack in the area selected. The main movements of the enemy can be deduced from the subsequent points of impact. They are indicated on the map given here

AFTER THE FIRST PARTIES HAD GONE ASHORE: British troops sending ammunition to the beaches through the heavy swell on the morning of July 10, whilst tanks go ashore under their own power

AN ENDLESS CHAIN IS FORMED from the landing craft to the beaches and the heavy equipment is man-handled across the sands. Later it followed the first asssault parties inland

THE HEAVIEST BRITISH AND AMERICAN EQUIPMENT was soon being sent forward. This is a tank-mounted "Priest" gun making its way into the interior of the island to support the infantry

MEN OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS pushing forward into the centre of the island with equipment piled on to a hand-cart which they commandeered before their own transport became available

Several factors evidently misled the enemy. He may have considered that the deterioration of the weather would stop any scheme for the moment. He may well have argued that such intensive bombing of airfields in the west denoted an intended landing. The excellent quays at Marsala and Trapani he evidently thought were an irresistible attraction to the Allied Commanders: the quays were reported to have been blown up by the Italian troops stationed there.

But—no landing was attempted in this western area!

The U.S. and Canadian forces pressed west and north-west through the hills and mountains while the enemy was evidently moving rapidly eastwards. It was below Mount Etna that the fierce resistance of an enemy in difficulties was first enountered.

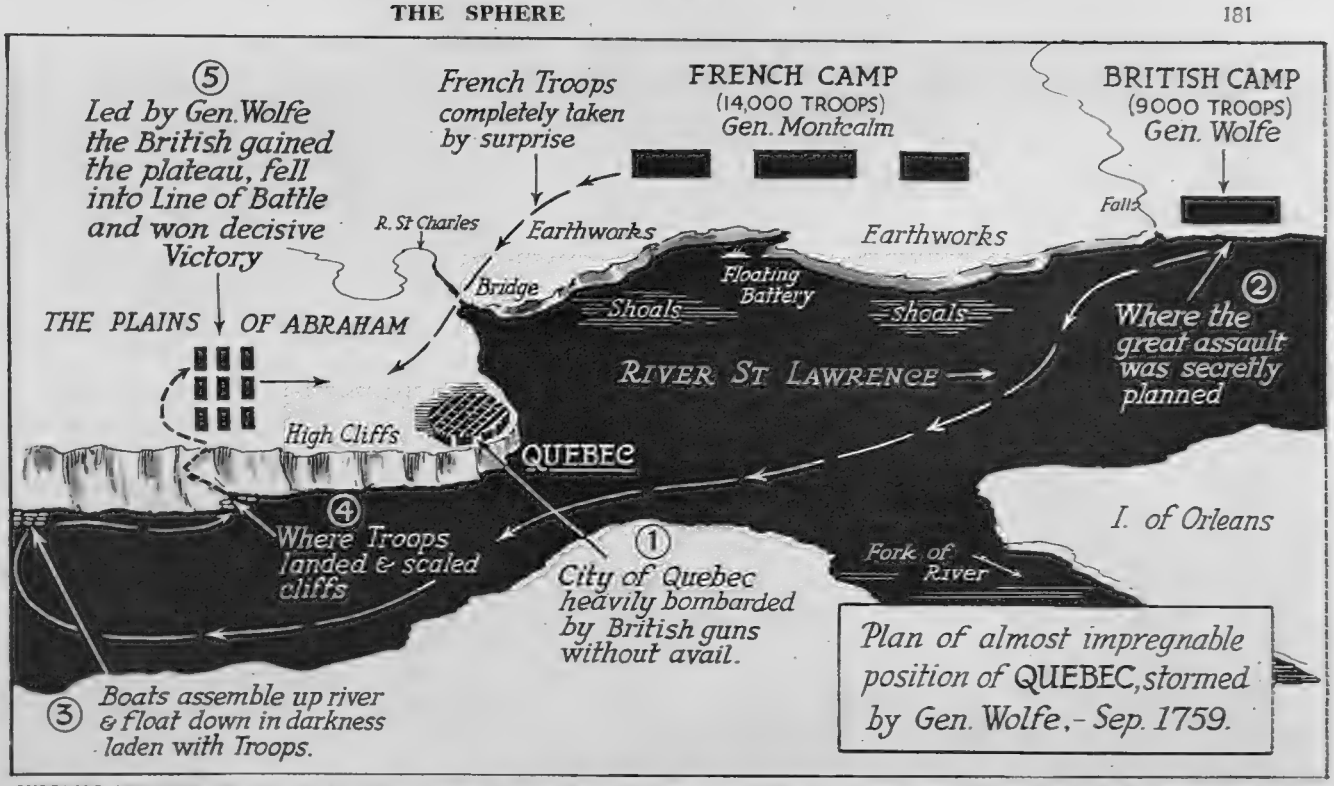
So fraught with difficulties have amphibious operations been in the past that they came to be regarded as the most difficult manœuvres of war. But others *were* successful. We in these islands need only think of William the Conqueror, the triumph of whose invasion attempt was due mainly to the fact that he caught Harold napping. The Saxon king had been meeting another invasion attempt elsewhere when he received news of the Norman landing and had to force-march across England, during which time William was getting his big army safely ashore.

Surprise was thus the principal factor of the Conqueror's success—as it was, significantly, of Wolfe's at Quebec, where British forces at a great distance from home executed perhaps the most brilliant amphibious attack of all history. The French thought they were impregnable on the Heights of Abraham (another Maginot piece of self-deception) till Wolfe landed a daring party and scaled the cliffs by a flanking path at night.

But the greatest invasion achievement of our arms in point of size and results was the Peninsular campaign of Wellesley, and perhaps it will have been studied by our military leaders at the present day with more attention than any other operation of the past. Wellesley had taken good note of the Corunna failure. He landed in Portugal, where Napoleon could not immediately meet him. Instead of advancing at once into Spain, he sat down throughout the winter behind those cleverly constructed lines of Torres Vedras, which enabled him to train and reinforce his troops. That was the supreme example of the successfully consolidated bridgehead. No wild assault against coastal batteries for the wily Duke. He eventually had strong land positions from which to launch his victorious assault against the armies of Napoleon in Spain—and his route took him from Portugal to Paris.

The chief lessons of the past seem to be that invasions must at once achieve surprise, keep moving, establish firm bridgeheads and include outflanking movements to divide the defending forces. The successful ones have either been small-scale operations relying on clever stratagems or huge enterprise dependent on superb staff work. But we should not forget that the air arm has introduced a new factor, and the invasions both of Crete and Pantellaria should be considered as examples of how this new weapon has modified the traditional problem of the invading commander—how to get sufficient of his men quickly ashore in the face of coast opposition and establish a firm bridgehead. In the case of Crete, the Germans ignored the coast defences to saturate the interior positions of the defenders with troops landed from the air. Pantellaria was plastered with bombs and shells till the defeat of the defence was accomplished without any sort of fighting assault and the landing-parties could wade ashore in an atmosphere of white flags.

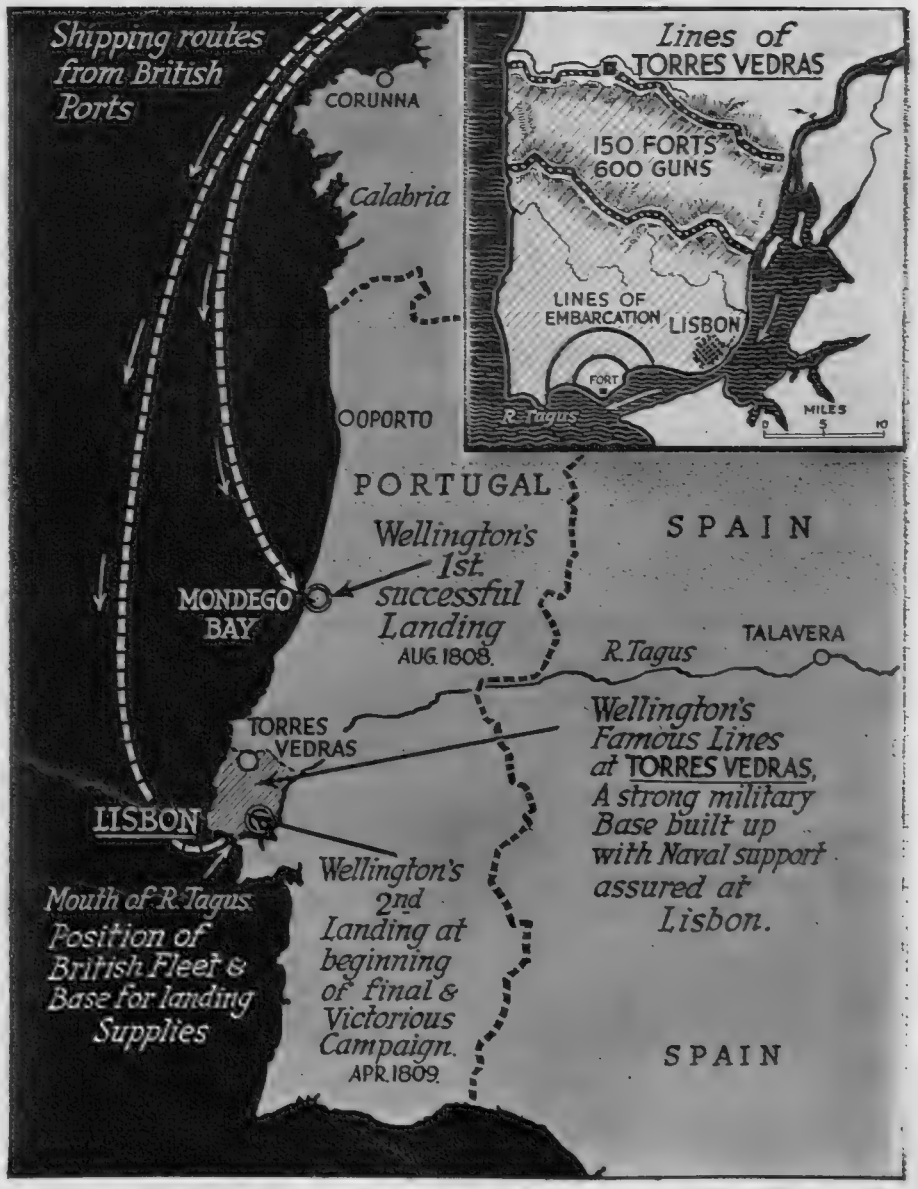
Our great adventure in Sicily achieved surprise and its initial successes were followed up with vigour.



SURPRISE INVASION IN THE YEAR 1759: How Wolfe's flanking movement outwitted Montcalm at the taking of Quebec, when the English General scaled the Heights and took the French by surprise

The epic story of General Wolfe's taking of Quebec has long been recognised as one of the most brilliant achievements in the history of the British Empire. Unlike the landing of Cæsar and his Roman Legions or the invasion by William and his Norman knights, who both had a short sea passage, an easy landing and comparatively little opposition, Wolfe was faced with a long and arduous sea journey, far from supplies, and an enemy in superior numbers, entrenched in an almost impregnable position. In the struggle for supremacy in Canada, the French at that period were gaining ground. British prestige was in danger, and Pitt, then at the head of British administration, wisely chose the young, but daring and experienced, General Wolfe to counter the French gains. If any man could accomplish the "impossible," Wolfe was the man to do it, as he rightly concluded. Sailing from Spithead in February 1759, Wolfe landed on the banks of the River St. Lawrence, after a voyage of many weeks, at a point a few miles below Quebec. A long and continuous bombardment of Quebec was his first operation, but all without result. Then, with great daring, Wolfe secretly planned to scale the heights and thus outflank General Montcalm, and force the French to battle. As all the world now knows, this daring operation was carried out without a hitch. Led by Wolfe, his soldiers reached the plan above the cliffs before dawn. The French were completely taken by surprise, had hastily to change position to defend the city and were utterly defeated. General Wolfe was mortally wounded leading his men, but refused all medical aid until victory was assured, when he sank back—with the words, "Now I can die in peace." The taking of Quebec was the decisive event of the campaign, and in due course, at the Treaty of Paris, the great continent of Canada was declared a British possession

On right—
It may not be generally known, but General Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) carried out not one, but two campaigns in the Spanish Peninsula. His first landing was at Mendego Bay, August 1808, where, during a short campaign of a few triumphant weeks, he twice defeated the French armies and wrested the Kingdom of Portugal from the French. His second landing in command of all British forces took place at Lisbon, April 1809. With unerring judgment, he chose the hilly peninsula, formed by the Atlantic and the estuary at the mouth of the River Tagus, for a landing. Here, Wellington built up a great military base for his forthcoming campaign, which has been described as "the most formidable defensive position in the history of war." The position formed a rough parallelogram, with the Atlantic on the west, the broad estuary of the Tagus on the east and a double line of trenches and redoubts on both the north and south approaches. With 50 miles of fortifications, including 150 forts, manned with 600 guns and guarded on the seaward sides by the British Fleet, no position could well be stronger. This stronghold, now known as the famous lines of Torres Vedras, proved an ideal British headquarters and supply base throughout the long and eventful campaign of five years, which ended in complete success and ultimately led to Napoleon's downfall



SURPRISE IN THE YEAR 1809. Wellington's positions in and around Torres Vedras, after his previous landing at Mendego Bay in August 1808 (see notes at left)

WHEN A CATALINA TAKES OFF IN A ROUGH SEA: It is quite a feat to make a big flying-boat "come unstuck" when weather conditions are bad and a full load is on board. The Catalina in the drawing above had rescued eight survivors from a Flying Fortress: with its own skeleton crew of five there were thus thirteen persons on board. At the take-off the flying-boat rushed over one swell, down into the trough and up on the side of another. From there the aircraft was finally thrown up into the air (*see article below*)—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The War by Sea and Air

The WORK of the FLYING-BOATS

The Long-range Catalinas and the Parachute-dropping Hudsons With Further Details of the Defence of Our Atlantic Ocean Convoys

—*Special Sphere Drawings and Diagram*

MOST flying-boats have an extraordinary cruising range—up to 24 hours or so. This often means leaving base soon after midnight, so that the greater part of the flying time can be spent in daylight, convoy-shepherding or anti-U-boat-patrolling. Here is a sample of routine.

Strong south-westerly winds had been promised by the Meteorological Officer, so a rigger had spent the night on "anchor watch" on each of the Catalinas moored out on the water. It must have been an uncomfortable vigil, for the wind zooms down the hill-sides like an express train and the "Cats" are rolling their wing-tip floats under. However, before 1 a.m. (or 01.00 hours, in R.A.F. parlance) the flight crew put off in a launch, and climb aboard through one of the gun blisters. Although these six or seven men seem to fill the "Cat's" none-too-roomy hull, we are actually three short of the full complement. The skipper, navigator and one of the radio men are still ashore, being briefed for the trip.

The excess crew (a "Cat" can get along quite well with five or six men) is carried simply to permit an occasional rest during the long patrols. Two hours are about the limit any man can really keep up to the necessary pitch. So we have two pilots, as well as a navigator, a fitter, flight engineer, two or three radio men and a couple of riggers, who are the maids of all work of the ship. The navigator has worked out our course to intercept the convoy described at the briefing, and the bow gunner casts off the mooring. From 1,500 ft. up, the sea is duller than ditch-water—flat and monotonous. At the same time, one never knows one's luck, so a keen weather eye is kept by everyone on duty, and twisting your neck from side to side for hours on end is tiring work—one can always tell the old hand by the muffler of old parachute silk used to stop chafing of the collar. Once the convoy is picked up, an exchange of recognition follows, and possibly a chatty word or two exchanged by Aldis lamp, then begins the long routine, up and down, round and back, like a spaniel quartering a field, until the P.L.E., or "prudent limit of endurance" has been reached and it is time to turn for home.

Though the Walrus is the professional life-guard—their crews are affectionately nicknamed "Body-snatchers"—the Catalinas and Sunderlands often make rescues either as the result of a chance spot or by instructions from base. At every area H.Q. of Coastal Command nowadays, representatives of the Directorate of Aircraft Safety (who deal with all aircraft in distress) sit in the Control Room. They are able to divert any of the patrolling flying-boats to the rescue of any aircraft which reports itself in distress at sea. Even when the sea is too rough for the flying-boat to alight, it can always drop supplies and food, and it is invaluable in piloting surface vessels to the spot. The itch to make sure of the rescue by landing is always strong among pilots, however. As long as the sea is not breaking, it can be very high without making a take-off impossible. The only essential is that there should not be a cross-swell—wind and sea must be running together. One Sunderland was forced down in an 80-m.p.h. gale; it could not take off again, of course, but the hull survived over 8 hours of battering by the big seas—long enough to permit a destroyer to arrive and pick up the crew. No wonder the men have full confidence in their craft.

THIS IS ONE OF THE NEW BABY "FLAT TOPS," or escort carriers, used by the U.S. Navy in the Aleutians against the Japs. Escort-carrier "A," fashioned from a merchantman, played a vital part in the taking of Attu Island, planes from her deck supplementing those attacking from shore bases on the island of Amchitka. Here the vessel is seen pushing through the waves with a deckload of Grumman Wildcat fighter aircraft

On right—The core of the Allied convoy's new defensive system is composed of new escort aircraft-carriers, which steam right alongside the merchantmen. Just within sight of these there is what one might call an inner ring of destroyers, corvettes and other armed escort vessels. Outside these, at a similar distance, is a second ring of the same type of craft, working in close co-operation with the ring of spotting aircraft from the carriers.

The idea of this spread-out system is clearly to prevent U-boats, whose field of vision is strictly limited, from ever sighting the convoy itself. Even farther afield, beyond all this, is a ring of long-distance reconnaissance aircraft, such as Sunderlands and Catalinas, whose duty, if they cannot sink a U-boat, is to force it to dive, and also to warn the convoy to alter course. In this event the convoy can easily outdistance the U-boat, because of the latter's reduced speed when submerged.

Immediately a U-boat is sighted, the warships and aircraft of the outer ring attack and try to force it astern of the convoy, where again speed will be lost in battle. If a pack of U-boats is attacking in force, naturally evasive action is more difficult for the convoy; but even then the U-boats must force their way through two defending rings of warships under constant peril from the air before they can even get into position to fire their torpedoes

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POLAND UNDER THE NAZI HEEL

Pictures of Life in Warsaw, Smuggled Out of the Country and Now Published for the First Time

A VIEW WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE GHETTO AT WARSAW, sealed off by the Nazis from the rest of the city. Here tens of thousands of Jews have been herded together. Note the bomb-damaged buildings in the background *(see note printed at foot of page)*

ANOTHER VIEW TAKEN WITHIN THE GHETTO WALLS. Each exit from the ghetto has been closed by the Nazis

A TYPICAL HOME IN THE GHETTO: There are eight people—men, women and children—sharing this one room. In winter, when this picture was taken, the cold was intense

RELATIVES, WITH A HORSE-DRAWN CART, COLLECTING THE BODY OF A MAN EXECUTED BY THE GERMANS for one of the many "crimes" for which the punishment is death

POLES QUEUEING UP FOR WATER. Like everything else in Poland, water is often rationed in the more congested areas and queues like this are frequently encountered

MEN ROUNDED UP FOR SLAVE LABOUR IN GERMANY are placed in a "pen" under an armed Nazi guard before transportation to Nazi labour camps hundreds of miles away

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS BEING SHOT OUTSIDE WARSAW. The Nazi campaign in Poland has not been directed solely against the Jews: the Roman Catholics, too, have suffered severely

These pictures of the sufferings of Poland under the Nazi yoke have been smuggled out of the country by Polish patriots and brought to London. Of all the countries under enemy occupation, Poland has suffered most: no method of subduing and humiliating the Poles has been left untried. Many thousands of Polish Jews have been murdered; the remainder have been walled up in ghettoes and all civil rights—or the common rights of mankind, even—have been denied them. Poland's Catholic priests have been shot for daring to raise a protest against the inhuman treatment by the Nazis. Her men have been rounded up and sent as slaves to the German labour market. Her children have been forbidden to play in areas where German children play. Recently, a ninety-days battle was fought in the Warsaw ghetto when the Jews rebelled against their fate. The Jewish defenders caused much damage to factories and stores, and, in addition, killed and wounded over 1,000 Germans. Finally, the Germans bombed the ghetto from the air and also attacked with S.S. and S.A. units until all resistance had been overcome

A GROUP OF POLES awaiting deportation to Germany for slave labour

The SPRINGBOKS in NORTH AFRICA

The Concluding Article of a Series Dealing with the Response of the British Commonwealth of Nations

By CHARLES GRAVES

NOW that the results of the South African General Election proved such a success for General Smuts, it is appropriate to record the war effort of the Union under his patient guidance. Many people have forgotten what happened in September 1939 out there. Two days after Great Britain had declared war on Germany, General Hertzog opposed South African participation in the war. He actually introduced a Neutrality Motion, and it was left to General Smuts to move an amendment—that the Union should sever relations with Germany. The amendment was only just carried amid scenes of wild excitement—by eighty votes to sixty-seven, which enabled General Smuts to form a new Government. But even then he had to act in a very gingerly fashion. South African troops had to be promised that they would be kept inside the Union itself, and it was not until the Italians menaced Kenya that the South African Army and Air Force were allowed to take up positions in East Africa.

No wonder Southern Rhodesia had refused to ally itself with South Africa from a military point of view at the outbreak of war! After Abyssinia had been freed, the Springboks finally went north to join the Eighth Army in the desert, but it was not until this year that Parliament even allowed them to volunteer for service outside Africa.

It must, indeed, have been galling for General Smuts, who has realised all long that the Mediterranean is the key to the whole situation. He had to walk as delicately as Agag in case undue enthusiasm for Great Britain might play into the hands of the opposition. German influence in South Africa has always been astonishingly important, in spite of the fact that the South Africans as a nation are almost entirely British, Dutch, French or Portuguese by extraction. Actually, there are 2,250,000 white South Africans, of whom 55 per cent. speak Afrikaans as their first language. Many of them speak no other. The strongest association is with Holland. A Dutchman can understand Afrikaans, and an Afrikaaner can understand Dutch perfectly well.

I will say nothing of the Ossewabrandwag, with its memories of Robey Leibrandt, the former South African heavyweight champion who was charged with treason, except that it is a minority hooligan element, and the typical Boer farmer of the old type, being both industrious and religious, will have nothing to do with it

South Africa has only been a nation since 1910, when the Orange Free State, Transvaal, Cape Province and Natal formed the coalition which produced the Union of South Africa. The last war, beginning only four years later, occurred too soon after the Boer War for the Afrikaaners to forget what happened to them from 1899 to 1901. Even the long week-end from 1918 to 1939 had by no means dampened the smouldering memories of the older men. It has taken this war, in fact, to mould the character of the nation, now that the sons of men who fought against one another are serving in the same units against the common enemy.

There is no conscription in South Africa, but 167,000 men have volunteered for full-time service. At the outbreak of war the South African forces were supposed to consist of 67,000 trained men, plus a reserve of 100,000. Actually the Union had a maximum of 28,000 men, including the Active Citizen Force, and little trace of any reserves. The Air Force consisted of two high-speed bombers, twenty-six obsolete general purpose planes, and forty trainers. The mechanised forces were two antiquated tanks, two obsolete armoured cars, and two armoured trains. The Union's Navy was non-existent, and two of the chief ports, East London and Port Elizabeth, had no guns.

Anyone who has served in the Middle East will tell you that the First South African Division was first-class, and that South African pilots also distinguished themselves; but nobody, not even the Prime Minister, has been able to solve satisfactorily the problem of why Tobruk fell. The true story cannot be told until Major-General Klopper, commanding the force, returns from Italy, where he has been a prisoner of war. At which stage one may point out that the dismissal of Mussolini was received with more enthusiasm in South Africa than anywhere else. For over 20,000 South Africans were taken prisoners at Tobruk when the Coldstream Guards cut their way out.

To-day, South Africa is less affected by the war than any other part of the British Empire. There is a partial black-out at Durban and Cape Town, but elsewhere the lights are as bright as ever. Indeed, Johannesburg is said to be the most modern and brilliant city in the world to-day, and, like other parts of the Union, will attract many thousands of emigrants after the war.

One valuable result of the disastrous closing of the Mediterranean for so long a period is that British troops going to the Middle East have automatically spent three or four days' leave at either Cape Town or Durban on their way to the front. And the inhabitants of both cities have gone out of their way to welcome them. I have heard innumerable stories from officers and men, of the queues of motor-cars which await the arrival of each convoy, and how the gayest parties, as well as solid home comforts, have been provided for them. In very many cases, what is more, the South African families who have offered this hospitality get in touch with the parents or sweethearts or wives of their guests, and send them accounts of how they looked, spent their time, and felt about the future.

No wonder that the massive, sunny country of South Africa, with its evident opulence attracted these men, four out of five of whom announced at the time that they would like to come out and settle there after the war. South African fruit is famous—its peaches, grapes, pine-apples, plums and cherries, for example. Further, and still more important, the income tax is one-fifth of what it is in Great Britain, and as recently as last year a married man with one child paid no income tax at all on £600 a year.

The almost limitless space, the perfect sunshine and the vivid colours, give a feeling of exhilaration which General Smuts described as "the curious individuality of South Africans, the reason why every Springbok private thinks himself a general." The almost continuous rise in the price of gold shares and diamond shares adds further to the amenities of living in a country where the strong shield of the Royal Navy is a guarantee of protection from Japan, the nearest but somewhat remote enemy.

There are 600 war factories, and probably the cheapest electric power in the world as a result of the harnessing of the Victoria Falls. To quote the official report from Pretoria: "During the three years to December, 1942, the value of orders placed with War Supplies, including those of British and Allied Governments, exceeded £100,000,000, most of which has been spent in the Union. This sum is partly recoverable from the Allies. The total includes the cost of machinery plant which will remain valuable among the post-war assets." Staggering statistics can be given of the amount of cheese, onions, fresh meat, and other foodstuffs. The production of thousands of armoured fighting vehicles, bombs, small arms ammunition and shells, and the mass production of clothing and Army boots make remarkable reading.

It is against this background that the General Election has been fought, with Dr. Malan saying that it would be better for South Africa if Germany won the war, because Hitler would block the spread of Communism; with Mr. Havenga announcing that his Afrikaaner Party would not directly obstruct the war effort, but would not help it—because he wanted the Union to become a Republic, to isolate itself and concentrate on domestic rather than international affairs. But even before the results were known, intelligent people thought of South Africa in terms of Squadron-Leader Nettleton, V.C.; of Group Captain "Sailor" Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C.; of General Smuts; of Mr. Reits, the High Commissioner for South Africa, who wrote "Commando" from his own experiences in South Africa; and of the Sixth South African Armoured Division now waiting in the Middle East, as I write, for what General Smuts promised them that they were going to do—to help bring back the troops of the Second Division, who were taken prisoner at Tobruk.

STICKY BOMB—FIRST PICTURES OF ONE OF BRITAIN'S SECRET WEAPONS. Clipping on the protective casing of the bomb: when this narrow metal band round the neck is released, the two halves fall away and the bomb soon detonates. The latest of Britain's many weapons to come off the "secret list" is the "Sticky Bomb," which was used successfully during the North African campaign. The two pictures reproduced here show how the glass flask which constitutes the body of the bomb, is fitted with a woollen jacket (treated with special adhesive) and put into its protective casing ready for despatch to the filling factory. When the live bomb is thrown at a tank, after the removal of the casing, it sticks to its target and detonates a few seconds later

THE GLASS FLASK OF THE STICKY BOMB is fitted into a knitted woollen jacket drawn up with a string round the neck. These weapons have been used successfully in North Africa

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

WOMEN in UNIFORM and in the FACTORIES

SPA CURES FOR WAR WORKERS: Women who produce the weapons of war are now [illegible] given three-week courses of treatment at famous Spas all over the country, when [illegible] health requires it. The Spas have thus been made available for rich and poor alike. In April 1940, nineteen-year-old Joyce Pearson (above) was completely crippled by rheumatoid arthritis and was being wheeled about in an invalid chair. After six months of treatment at Droitwich she was completely cured: she remained on at the Spa for daily "keeping up," and while there is acting as a receptionist and helping other rheumatic sufferers. Here she is seen bathing her arms in the healing brine

LOOKING LIKE EGYPTIAN MUMMIES: War workers swathed in hot towels to prolong the effect of the brine after bathing while undergoing a course of treatment at the Droitwich Spa

WOMEN W.A.A.C.S FROM AMERICA to serve with the U.S. Eighth Air Force in Britain: The Women's Auxiliary Army Corps of America is formed of women who combine the duties of our own A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. Recently a number of them were reported to have arrived in England: they are now taking up duties with the U.S. Air Force and Army in this country. This picture shows a contingent of them boarding buses and lorries outside a London railway terminus on their way from the port at which they landed to the American Bomber Station where they have been detailed to work

HOW THE WAR OFFICE SELECTS ITS OFFICERS FOR THE A.T.S. These girls are supposed to have been caught at nightfall out of reach of established quarters: they are placed in this supposed barn and have to adapt it for sleeping quarters. One of the most serious of A.T.S. problems is to find suitable officers from a service in which three-quarters of the members are under twenty-five. Unlike the Army, the A.T.S. gets few women recruits with experience in the management of subordinates, as the bulk of professional women over thirty are already replacing men in civilian occupations. Candidates for commissions arrive at the Selection Boards and stay there for 48 hours. Warrant officers and privates receive the same treatment and their rank badges are concealed by numbered arm-bands. Each is interviewed with a view to bringing to light their latent, or less obvious, qualities. The second day is devoted to practical tests: candidates are given unexpected jobs and they are studied to see how each responds

MISS BARBARA O'BRIEN, of Dallas, Texas (*on left*), and MISS ETHEL WATT, of Nashville, Tennessee (*on right*), of the W.A.A.C., en route to their Bomber Station

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WHEN GREECE DEFIED MUSSOLINI

Compton Mackenzie's Historical Account of Greece's Struggle; International Post-war Co-operation; Cecil Beaton in the Near East.

NO one better than Mr. Compton Mackenzie understands the dramatic values of such a story as the Axis invasion of Greece in 1940, and few foreigners are better qualified to write about the land of Greece. WIND OF FREEDOM (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) is a detailed account of the facts leading up to the invasion of Greece by Italy, the second invasion and occupation by Germany, and a clear statement of the value of the Greek defence and of the present continuation of that defence.

Any description of Greece by Mr. Mackenzie is given with admiration and, it might be said, with love for the country and the people, and it is difficult to read this magnificent account of Greece's fight for freedom without gratitude and humility.

The author's prejudices are crystal clear in at least two directions, and after reading some of the

THE PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN TRAITOR. Ezra Pound, one of eight Americans who have all been indicted for treason and who will all be brought to trial after the war. Pound attained some notoriety before 1939 as a minor poet in "extreme" literary circles in London and Paris; since then he has been broadcasting regularly from Rome to America. His admiration for the now-vanished Fascist regime in Italy has long been notorious

pages one has the feeling that perhaps he is the man to revive the art (for so it should be) of invective.

Assessing the value of Greece's stubborn resistance to the Axis, which "secured five precious weeks for Russia [and] six months of inestimable value for Great Britain's productive effort," Mr. Mackenzie writes:—

"And when we praise that defiance of Italy by Greece, fraught with such consequences for the future of humanity, let us bear in mind that it was given with the deep moral conviction, whatever hope against hope might be cherished, that such a defiance must mean sooner or later that Germany would have to be defied also. . . . It must not be supposed that there was any illusion in Greece about the strength of the aid Great Britain could give. There was none; and the noblest proof of this was the complete absence of any recrimination when that aid was shown to be as inadequate as it was expected to be. The people of Greece recognised that Great Britain had done all she could do."

This book will be read partly for its historical value, partly because of its author's great reputation. Beyond both these reasons should be the impulse to read a piece of work so utterly inspired by one man's conviction and by his faith in a country.

KEEP THE LAMPS BURNING (Hale. 10s. 6d.) is a political tract by the Minister of Social Affairs in the Netherlands Government. Dr. van den Tempel argues that the pre-war discordant political system must give way after the war to new forms and methods of co-operation. Our democracies have their defects, but these may be overcome by a daily energetic application of the will for genuine democracy.

Freedom within an ordered society is jeopardised by bureaucracy and by political intrigue, and international understanding is menaced by the primitive passion of nationalism. Further, in his view, international co-operation in a new League of Nations is essential, and the preliminary work for it should be begun at once. A curtailment of sovereign power of States will gradually come about and with it a widening of the international sphere of law.

It is Dr. van den Tempel's thesis that a general convention for the reduction of armaments can only be the sequel to a soundly built system in which nations would achieve the real co-operation. But first the democracies must meet the demand for social security, and this will entail extensive control of economic life and severe taxation.

One of the weaknesses inherent in a democracy is to leave well alone, but here we do not realise, says the author, that our lack of imagination and daring can be our two worst enemies. He sees Russia as a first-class world Power in the future, but does not agree with the fear that has been expressed in the past that Soviet Russia will try to communise Europe.

Dr. van den Tempel's book is a statement of the problems that will confront us all after the war. It is serious, as befits the subject, and even ponderous, but it is reading of a kind that we cannot afford to miss.

The provocative Professor Joad has made a selection from five of his published books, and now presents them together as PIECES OF MIND (Faber. 3s. 6d.). They date from 1930 to 1938, and range from Methods of Coping with Modern Evil to a discussion of the Boringness of Women. I cannot resist quoting from the latter:

"It is only when one is unhappy that one thinks about oneself, and the extent of their self-absorption may be the measure of women's fundamental discontent. Whatever be the reason, I find them on the whole dull, trivial and vain. With unimportant exceptions, I would always sooner be in the company of men, and women themselves seem to be of the same opinion. Few of the women I know have any women friends. Their apparent friendships with each other will usually be found to hinge upon their relationships with men. Normally, two women tolerate one another because they are respectively attached to men who happen to be friends, and this they often do the better to destroy the friendship. When this end has been effected, the women's acquaintanceship lapses."

His opinions, as ever, are stated with force. "I do not admire parks," he states tersely, and again "I am no supporter of wind." Elsewhere he writes "I am a good talker and am found useful in the matter of keeping the conversation going at dinner." A better talker, perhaps, than a listener, if one is to judge by his own detailed recital of a conversation with an eminent mystic; detailed, that is, as to his own part in it. For he ends, "I cannot remember what C said in reply, but I know that it was singularly unconvincing."

For all those who feel that the Brains Trust gives them too exiguous a ration of Joad, here is indeed the solution.

"This book has no news value," says Mr. Cecil Beaton, writing about his own NEAR EAST (Batsford. 12s. 6d.). That opinion, if modest, is also true, since his book has a gossipy quality that is unexpected in a record, however personal, of war experiences.

It is written roughly in diary form and certainly as the result of keeping conscientious notes. "Scribble, scribble, scribble," he says of it in the words of another august person. This is by no means a war correspondent's book; even the photographs, which are as good as one expected, have an informal and rather social air. In a way, the informality is an advantage, since it gives one many glimpses of the off-duty lives of the Allied fighting men in Egypt, Iran and Iraq.

Mr. Beaton's mission, which started in March 1942, was to take photographs for the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Information, and of the thousands he made he gives a lively selection here. Some of them, like the photographs of the Queen of Persia, are more reminiscent of his earlier style, though this may have been due to the whim of the sitter.

Like all good gossips, Mr. Beaton has some fine stories to tell.

YORKSHIRE GIRLS WHO ARE KEEPING DOWN THE RATS OF DEVON. Devonshire is easily one of the most go-ahead counties as far as pest destruction is concerned. Seventy-two land-girls are employed in this work. Of this number seventy come from Yorkshire. The successful wholesale destruction of rats on a farm may necessitate four visits—twice pre-baiting, once poisoning, and again the same day, if possible, for picking up. The girls work in twos, in gangs of eight, under a male supervisor. On a successful "picking-up" day thirty-seven rats may be retrieved in an hour. Very often a corn-sack full—about 200 corpses—will comprise a day's "bag." Trapping and gassing methods are also used. Twenty-four thousand rats have been caught in Devon by trapping alone, and it is estimated that four times this number have been destroyed by other methods

The smallest, though not the slightest, book that I have read this week is SEVEN WINTERS (Longmans Green. 3s. 6d.). It is a collection of childhood reminiscences told by Miss Elizabeth Bowen with loving care and a grace that never goes beyond the bounds of a child's memory or imagination.

The little book tells of the seven winters the authoress spent in Dublin when she was young, and when, because she only spent the winters in the town and moved to the country in the spring and summer, she always thought of Dublin as cold and grey, and her family's house as a winter house.

Miss Bowen shows, in a series of short and inspired sketches, something of her family life, her governesses, dancing classes, parties and the close life centred round the Protestant Church. When she was seven Miss Bowen moved to England with her mother and started the second phase of her memories.

As with the author's *Bowen's Court*, though on so much smaller a scale, this is a work with all the polish of literary skill and all the integrity of fact and thought recorded with love.

An old man, known to his friends in the Highland village as "The Philosopher," walks out from his cottage and up over the moors on a fine summer's day. As he paces along, slowly enough, for the path is difficult and he has lived a long time, he reviews his life. He had gone to Glasgow from this little community as a young man in the '80's, and there he had found, besides the hard work of apprenticeship, a whole new world of thought and speculation to which the writings of Darwin had been a key.

When he had returned to the little farm among the crofters' cottages he was still young, but he was a man formed in opinion, and that opinion revolutionary in a quiet life. Mr. Neil Gunn has woven together the old man's walk over the moor and the story of his stormy, unhappy and largely frustrated progress through the years. THE SERPENT (Faber. 8s. 6d.) is, like all this author's work, deeply thoughtful. It has a solemn sincerity that saves it, sometimes by a narrow margin, from heaviness, and it is chiefly absorbing for its analysis of the reactions of fifty years ago to a young man who read and expounded Hume and Berkeley.

As the philosopher goes on his way, he muses over the events of his life, recalls the bitterness and the flashes of joy and reconstructs the emotional crises through which he attained a certain amount of self-confidence and contentment.

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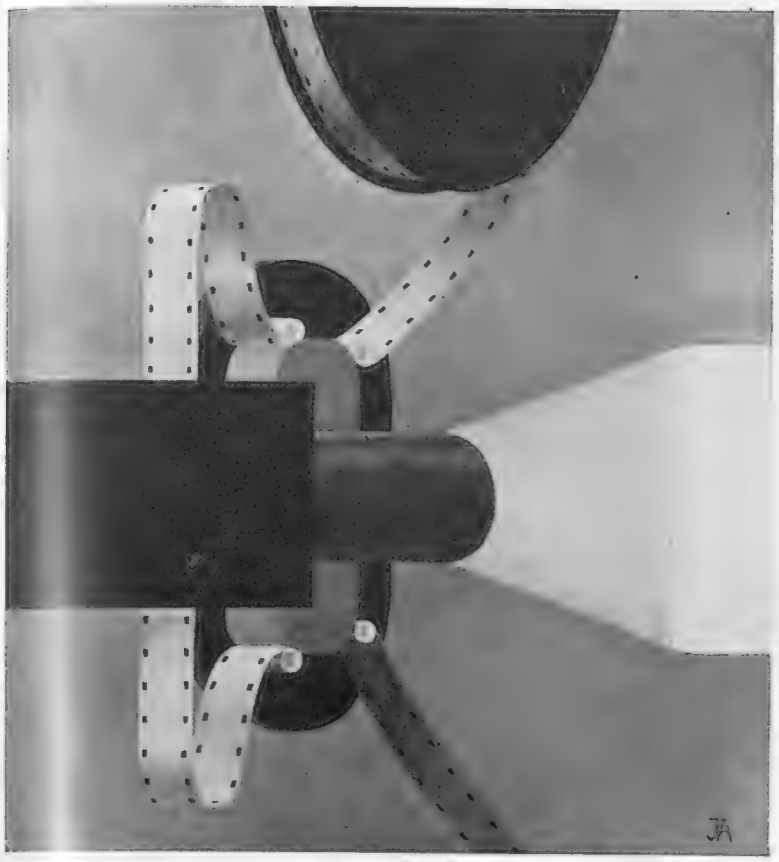
CINEMA



CREDIT for the actual invention of the cinematograph is difficult to apportion. It is certain that Englishmen played an important part. As long ago as 1860 Sir John Herschel published a theory of cinematography, and about 1889 a patent for a cinema camera and projector was applied for by W. Friese Greene and M. Evans. Today the cinema is our great relaxation. The big films afford us an escape from the realities of a world at war, just as the short films and newsreels present us with sharp, hard pictures of that world and allow us to see ourselves, our allies and even our enemies as we live and fight. But how many of us who go to "the movies," who watch the latest performance of our particular "star," or of our troops on some commando raid, realise what the cinematograph industry owes to the workers in many branches of science and technology, and not least to the chemist? No other form of entertainment owes him so heavy a debt. Celluloid itself, the basis of the industry, is a chemical achievement. This must be transparent to give clear images after great magnification, resilient and tough to stand great strain. It must be so treated that the danger from fire is reduced to a minimum. The hand of the chemist is indeed traceable from the make-up of the actors to the lamps in the projectors. In the apparatus used for the sound-recording rare metals are needed: in the lenses of cameras and projectors optical glass of the highest quality: in the colour-photography, pigments of the truest and most vivid colour. The sets for the ballrooms and palaces of the cinema's Cloudcuckoodom involve the use of large quantities of paints, quick-drying stucco and plasters: the costumes and draperies must be dyed. The tale is continued into the cinema theatre itself, in its decoration, its disinfection, its air-conditioning. When next you sit in your favourite cinema, think for a moment of the patient work in laboratory and factory that has enabled you to see the wonders of the world or the finest product of the cinematograph studio so clearly and still at so modest a price.

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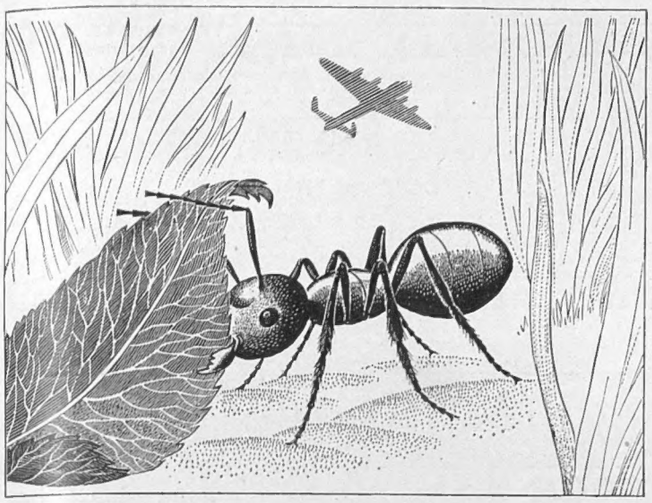

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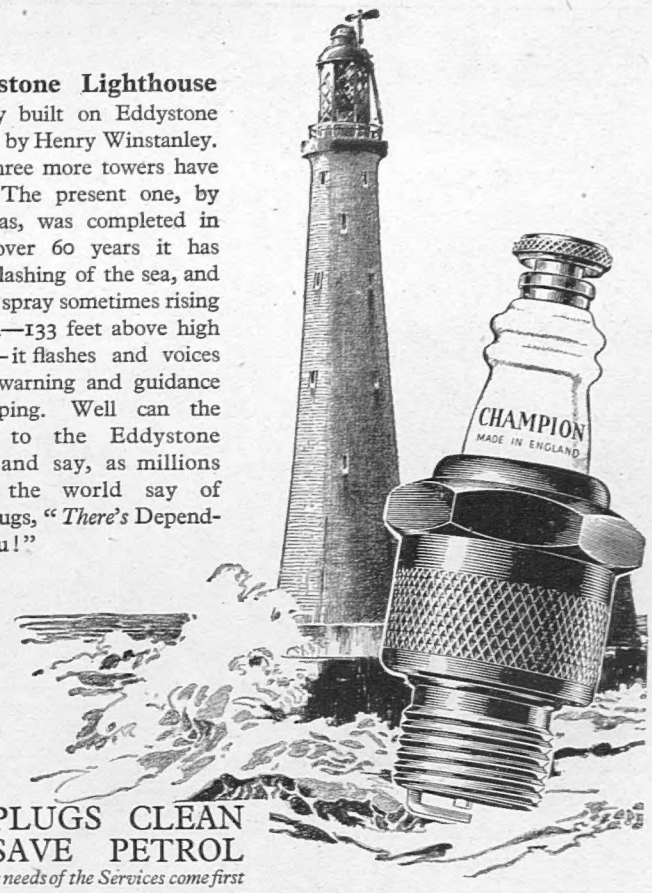

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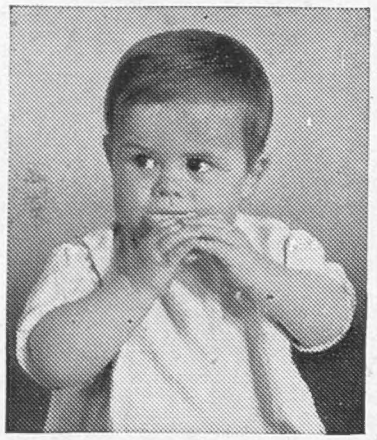

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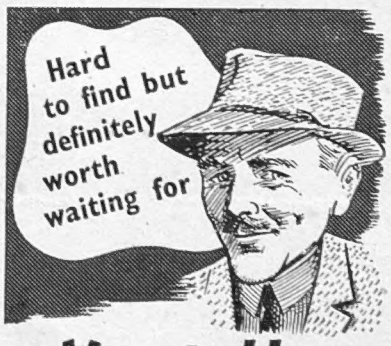

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